THE POETICAL WORKS OF CHARLES CHURCHILL. COLLATED WITH...

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THE

POETICAL WORKS

OF

CHARLES CHURCHILL.

COLLATED WITH THE BEST EDITIONS:

BY

THOMAS PARK, ES2. F.S.A.

IN THREE VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

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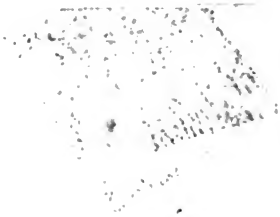

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CONTENTS.

ENCOMIUMS ON CHURCHILL.

	Page
On the Death of Churchill	5
On the same, by Cunningham	ib.
From the Poet. A Poetical Epistle addressed by Lloyd to Churchill	6
From Cowper's Table-Talk	7
Fragment of a Dedication to Warburton	9
The Rosciad	15
The Apology, addressed to the Critical Reviewers	58
Night. An Epistle to Robert Lloyd	72
An Epistle to William Hogarth	85
The Conference	106
The Farewell	119
The Candidate	135
The Journey	162

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ENCOMIUMS ON CHURCHILL.

ON THE

DEATH OF CHURCHILL.

PROSE-DRIVING dunces, waddling fools in rhyme,
Scoundrels of every kind, by vengeance led,
Spit forth your venom, poison all your clime,
CHURCHILL, who scourg'd you to your holes,—
is dead!

ON THE SAME.

BY CUNNINGHAM.

SAYS Tom to Richard—'CHURCHILL's dead!'
Says Richard—'Tom, you lie:
Old Rancour the report hath spread;
But genius cannot die.'

IN Anna's wars immortal CHURCHILL rose,
And, great in arms, subdued Britannia's foes;
A greater CHURCHILL now commands our praise,
And the palm yields her empire to the bays.
Though John fought nobly at his army's head,
And slew his thousands with the balls of lead;
Yet must the hero to the bard submit,
Who hurls, unmatch'd, the thunderbolts of wit.

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FROM THE POST.

A POETICAL EPISTLE, ADDRESSED BY LLOYD TO CHURCHILL.

Is there a man, whose genius strong
Rolls like a rapid stream along;
Whose Muse, long hid in cheerless night,
Pours on us like a flood of light;
Whose active, comprehensive mind
Walks Fancy's regions, unconfin'd;
Whom, nor the surly sense of pride,
Nor affectation, warps aside;
Who drags no author from his shelf
To talk on, with an eye to self;
Careless alike, in conversation,
Of censure or of approbation;
Who freely thinks, who freely speaks,
And meets the wit he never seeks;
Whose reason calm, whose judgment cool,
Can pity, but not hate a fool;
Who can a hearty praise bestow,
If merit sparkles in a foe;
Who, bold and open, firm and true,
Flatters no friends, yet loves them too?
CHURCHILL will be the last to know,
His is the portrait I would show.

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FROM

COWPER'S TABLE-TALK.

CONTEMPORARIES all surpass'd, see one,
Short his career indeed, yet ably run,
CHURCHILL! himself unconscious of his pow'rs,
In penury consum'd his idle hours,
And, like a scatter'd seed at random sown,
Was left to spring by vigour of his own:
Lifted at length, by dignity of thought
And dint of genius, to an affluent lot,
He laid his head in luxury's soft lap,
And there too often took his easy nap.
If brighter beams than all he threw not forth,
'Twas negligence in him, not want of worth:
Surly and slovenly, and bold and coarse,
Too proud for art, and trusting in mere force,
Spendthrift alike of money and of wit,
Always at speed, and never drawing bit,
He struck the lyre in such a careless mood,
And so disdain'd the rules he understood,
The laurel seem'd to wait on his command,
He snatch'd it rudely from the Muse's hand.

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DEDICATION[1].

HEALTH to great Glo'ster—from a man unknown,
Who holds thy health as dearly as his own,
Accept this greeting—nor let modest fear
Call up one maiden blush—I mean not here
To wound with flattery; 'tis a villain's art,
And suits not with the frankness of my heart.
Truth best becomes an orthodox divine,
And, spite of hell, that character is mine:
To speak ev'n bitter truths I cannot fear:
But truth, my Lord, is panegyric here.
Health to great Gloster—nor, through love of ease,
Which all priests love, let this address displease.
I ask no favour, not one note I crave;
And when this busy brain rests in the grave,
(For till that time it never can have rest)
I will not trouble you with one bequest.
Some humbler friend, my mortal journey done,
More near in blood, a nephew or a son,
In that dread hour executor I'll leave,
For I, alas! have many to receive,
To give, but little.—To great Glo'ster health;
Nor let thy true and proper love of wealth

[1] This unfinished ironical dedication to an intended volume of Sermons was addressed to Dr. Warburton, Bishop of Gloucester, the commentator on Pope, &c.

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Here take a false alarm—in purse though poor,
In spirit I'm right proud, nor can endure
The mention of a bribe—thy pocket's free:
I, though a dedicator, scorn a fee:
Let thy own offspring all thy fortunes share;
I would not Allen [2] rob, nor Allen's heir.

Think not, a thought unworthy thy great soul,
Which pomps of this world never could control,
Which never offer'd up at Power's vain shrine;
Think not that pomp and power can work on mine.
'Tis not thy name, though that indeed is great;
'Tis not the tinsel trumpery of state;
'Tis not thy title, Doctor though thou art;
'Tis not thy mitre, which hath won my heart.
State is a farce; names are but empty things,
Degrees are bought, and, by mistaken kings,
Titles are oft misplac'd; mitres, which shine
So bright in other eyes, are dull in mine,
Unless set off by virtue; who deceives
Under the sacred sanction of lawn sleeves
Enhances guilt, commits a double sin;
So fair without, and yet so foul within.
'Tis not thy outward form, thy easy mien,
Thy sweet complacency, thy brow serene,
Thy open front, thy love-commanding eye,
Where fifty Cupids, as in ambush, lie,
Which can from sixty to sixteen impart
The force of Love, and point his blunted dart!
'Tis not thy face, though that by Nature's made
An index to thy soul; though there display'd
We see thy mind at large, and through thy skin
Peeps out that courtesy which dwells within;

[2] Ralph Allen, Esq. the patron of Warburton, and the well-known object of Pope's graceful panegyric.

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'Tis not thy birth, for that is low as mine,
Around our heads no lineal glories shine——
But what is birth—when, to delight mankind,
Heralds can make those arms they cannot find;
When thou art to thyself, thy sire unknown,
A whole Welsh genealogy alone?
No; 'tis thy inward man, thy proper worth,
Thy right just estimation here on earth,
Thy life and doctrine uniformly join'd,
And flowing from that wholesome source, thy mind,
Thy known contempt of persecution's rod,
Thy charity for man, thy love of God,
Thy faith in Christ, so well approv'd 'mongst men,
Which now give life and utterance to my pen.
Thy virtue, not thy rank, demands my lays;
'Tis not the Bishop, but the Saint, I praise:
Rais'd by that theme I soar on wings more strong,
And burst forth into praise, with-held too long.
Much did I wish, ev'n whilst I kept those sheep
Which, for my curse, I was ordain'd to keep;
Ordain'd, alas! to keep through need, not choice[3];
Those sheep which never heard their shepherd's voice,
Which did not know, yet would not learn their way,
Which stray'd themselves, yet griev'd that I should stray;
Those sheep which my good father (on his bier
Let filial duty drop the pious tear)
Kept well, yet starv'd himself; ev'n at that time
Whilst I was pure and innocent of rhyme,

[3] Churchill succeeded his father in the curacy and lectureship of St. John the Evangelist, Westminster; but in January, 1763, resigned his cure, and with it his clerical dress, the last remaining badge of his clerical profession.

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Whilst sacred dulness ever in my view,
Sleep at my bidding crept from pew to pew.
Much did I wish, though little could I hope,
A friend in him who was the friend of Pope.
'His hand, (said I) my youthful steps shall guide,
And lead me safe where thousands fall beside;
His temper, his experience, shall control
And hush to peace the tempest of my soul;
His judgment teach me, from the critic school,
How not to err, and how to err by rule;
Instruct me, mingle profit with delight,
Where Pope was wrong, where Shakspeare was not right;
Where they are justly prais'd, and where through whim,
How little's due to them, how much to him.
Rais'd 'bove the slavery of common rules,
Of common sense, of modern, ancient schools;
Those feelings banish'd, which mislead us all,
Fools as we are, and which we Nature call:
He, by his great example, might impart
A better something, and baptize it—Art;
He, all the feelings of my youth forgot,
Might shew me what is taste, by what is not;
By him supported with a proper pride,
I might hold all mankind as fools beside;
He (should a world, perverse and peevish grown,
Explode his maxims and assert their own)
Might teach me, like himself to be content,
And let their folly be their punishment;
Might, like himself, teach his adopted son,
'Gainst all the world, to quote a Warburton.'
Fool that I was! could I so much deceive
My soul with lying hopes? could I believe

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That he, the servant of his Maker sworn,
The servant of his Saviour, would be torn
From their embrace, and leave that dear employ,
The cure of souls, his duty and his joy,
For toys like mine, and waste his precious time,
On which so much depended, for a rhyme?
Should he forsake the task he undertook,
Desert his flock, and break his pastoral crook?
Should he (forbid it, Heaven!) so high in place,
So rich in knowledge, quit the work of grace,
And, idly wandering o'er the Muses' hill,
Let the salvation of mankind stand still?

Far, far be that from thee—yes, far from thee
Be such revolt from grace, and far from me
The will to think it—guilt is in the thought—
Not so, not so, hath Warburton been taught,
Not so learn'd Christ—recal that day, well known,
When (to maintain God's honour—and his own)
He call'd blasphemers forth—methinks I now
See stern Rebuke enthroned on his brow,
And arm'd with tenfold terrors—from his tongue,
Where fiery zeal and Christian fury hung,
Methinks I hear the deep-ton'd thunders roll,
And chill with horror every sinner's soul—
In vain they strive to fly—flight cannot save;
And Potter trembles even in his grave—
With all the conscious pride of innocence
Methinks I hear him, in his own defence,
Bear witness to himself; whilst all men knew,
By gospel rules, his witness to be true.

O glorious man! thy zeal I must commend,
Though it depriv'd me of my dearest friend;
The real motives of thy anger known,
Wilkes must the justice of that anger own;

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And, could thy bosom have been bar'd to view,
Pitied himself, in turn had pitied you.
Bred to the law, you wisely took the gown,
Which I, like Demas, foolishly laid down;
Hence double strength our Holy Mother drew;
Me she got rid of, and made prize of you.
I, like an idle truant, fond of play,
Doting on toys, and throwing gems away,
Grasping at shadows, let the substance slip;
But you, my lord, renounc'd attorneyship
With better purpose, and more noble aim,
And wisely play'd a more substantial game:
Nor did Law mourn, bless'd in her younger son,
For Mansfield does what Glo'ster would have done.
Doctor! Dean! Bishop! Glo'ster! and my Lord!
If haply these high titles may accord
With thy meek spirit; if the barren sound
Of pride delights thee, to the topmost round
Of fortune's ladder got, despise not one
For want of smooth hypocrisy undone;
Who, far below, turns up his wondering eye,
And, without envy, sees thee plac'd so high:
Let not thy brain (as brains less potent might)
Dizzy, confounded, giddy with the height,
Turn round, and lose distinction; lose her skill
And wonted powers of knowing good from ill,
Of sifting truth from falsehood, friends from foes;
Let Glo'ster well remember how he rose,
Nor turn his back on men who made him great;
Let him not, gorg'd with power and drunk with state,
Forget what once he was, though now so high,
How low, how mean, and full as poor as I.

* * * * * * *

* * * * * * *

Cætera desunt.

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THE ROSCIAD.

1761.

Roscius deceas'd, each high aspiring play'r
Push'd all his interest for the vacant chair.
The buskin'd heroes of the mimic stage
No longer whine in love, and rant in rage;
The monarch quits his throne, and condescends
Humbly to court the favour of his friends;
For pity's sake, tells undeserv'd mishaps,
And, their applause to gain, recounts his claps.
Thus the victorious chiefs of ancient Rome,
To win the mob, a suppliant's form assume;
In pompous strain fight o'er the' extinguish'd war,
And show where honour bled in every scar.
But though bare merit might in Rome appear
The strongest plea for favour, 'tis not here:
We form our judgment in another way,
And they will best succeed, who best can pay;
Those, who would gain the votes of British tribes,
Must add to force of merit, force of bribes.
What can an actor give? in every age
Cash hath been rudely banish'd from the stage;
Monarchs themselves, to grief of every play'r,
Appear as often as their image there;
They can't, like candidate for other seat,
Pour seas of wine, and mountains raise of meat.

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Wine! they could bribe you with the world as soon;
And of Roast Beef, they only know the tune:
But what they have, they give; could Clive [1] do more,
Though for each million he had brought home four?
Shuter [2] keeps open house at Southwark-fair,
And hopes the friends of humour will be there;
In Smithfield, Yates [3] prepares the rival treat
For those who laughter love, instead of meat.
Foote [4], at Old House, (for even Foote will be
In self-conceit an actor) bribes with tea;
Which Wilkinson [5] at second-hand receives,
And at the New, pours water on the leaves.
The town divided, each runs several ways,
As passion, humour, interest, party, sways.
Things of no moment, colour of the hair,
Shape of a leg, complexion brown or fair,
A dress well chosen, or a patch misplac'd,
Conciliate favour, or create distaste.

[1] Robert Lord Clive, the restorer, if not the founder, of the British empire in India.

[2] Edward Shuter, a comic actor, who, after various theatrical vicissitudes, died in 1776. Shuter had an acting booth in Southwark, till Lady Fair was suppressed in 1762, by an order of the court of Common-Council.

[3] Richard Yates, from filling the most insignificant characters, gradually rose to good repute in certain characters. His second wife was a first-rate actress. Yates kept open booth at Smithfield during Bartholomew Fair.

[4] Samuel Foote, the well-known author of several comedies and farces, and manager of the Little Theatre in the Haymarket, where he performed in most of his own pieces. Most of these were dramatic libels, whence he was called 'The English Aristophanes.'

[5] Tate Wilkinson, a versatile actor, was, at the publication of the Rosciad, principal proprietor and manager of Sadler's Wells, which concern he quitted many years ago, and became patentee of the theatre at York, where his kindness

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From galleries loud peals of laughter roll,
And thunder Shuter's praises;—he's so droll.
Embox'd, the ladies must have something smart,
Palmer [6], oh! Palmer tops the janty part.
Seated in pit, the dwarf with aching eyes
Looks up, and vows that Barry's [7] out of size;
Whilst to six feet the vigorous stripling grown,
Declares that Garrick is another Coan [8].
When place of judgment is by whim supplied,
And our opinions have their rise in pride,
When, in discoursing on each mimic elf,
We praise and censure with an eye to self;
All must meet friends, and Ackman [9] bids as fair
In such a court, as Garrick, for the chair.

At length agreed, all squabbles to decide,
By some one judge the cause was to be tried;
But this their squabbles did afresh renew,
Who should be judge in such a trial:—who?

For Johnson [10] some; but Johnson, it was fear'd,
Would be too grave, and Sterne [11] too gay appear'd;

and liberality to the performers excited honourable praise. He died in 1803.

[6] John Palmer, a favourite actor in genteel comedy, married a daughter of the celebrated Mrs. Pritchard; but, like his namesake, met with an untimely death, in consequence of an improper draught being given to him, for what might otherwise have proved but a slight indisposition. He was a very respectable player, and a man much esteemed for his integrity.

[7] Spranger Barry, an actor of first-rate eminence, who was in his person near six feet high, finely formed, and possessing a manly countenance with a most harmonious voice.

[8] John Coan, a dwarf, was a native of Norfolk, and died in March, 1764.

[9] Ackman, ranked with the lowest comic actors of his time.

[10] The celebrated Dr. Johnson.

[11] Laurence Sterne, whose Tristram Shandy was recently published.

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Others for Franklin [12] voted; but 'twas known,
He sicken'd at all triumphs but his own:
For Colman [13] many, but the peevish tongue
Of prudent Age found out that he was young:
For Murphy [14] some few pilfering wits declar'd,
Whilst Folly clapp'd her hands, and Wisdom star'd.
To mischief train'd, ev'n from his mother's womb,
Grown old in fraud, though yet in manhood's bloom,
Adopting arts, by which gay villains rise,
And reach the heights which honest men despise;
Mute at the bar, and in the senate loud,
Dull 'mongst the dullest, proudest of the proud,
A pert, prim, prater, of the northern race,
Guilt in his heart, and famine in his face,
Stood forth,—and thrice he wav'd his lily hand—
And thrice he twirl'd his tye—thrice strok'd his band— [15]
'At Friendship's call, (thus oft, with traitorous aim,
Men, void of faith, usurp faith's sacred name)
At Friendship's call I come, by Murphy sent,
Who thus by me developes his intent:
But lest, transfus'd, the spirit should be lost,
That spirit which, in storms of rhetoric tost,
Bounces about, and flies like bottled beer,
In his own words his own intentions hear.

[12] Dr. Thomas Franklin, the translator of Sophocles, Phalaris, and Lucian, the author of several plays, and of a volume of Sermons, &c.

[13] The translator of Terence and of the Art of Poetry, and the intimate friend and favourite of Churchill.

[14] Arthur Murphy, Esq. a well-known playwight, &c.

[15] This character has been supposed to allude to the late Earl of Rosslyn.

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'Thanks to my friends;—but to vile fortunes born,
No robes of fur these shoulders must adorn.
Vain your applause, no aid from thence I draw;
Vain all my wit, for what is wit in law? [gain
Twice, (curs'd remembrance!) twice I strove to
Admittance 'mongst the law-instructed train,
Who, in the Temple and Gray's Inn, prepare
For client's wretched feet the legal snare:
Dead to those arts which polish and refine,
Deaf to all worth, because that worth was mine,
Twice did those blockheads startle at my name,
And foul rejection gave me up to shame.
To laws and lawyers then I bade adieu,
And plans of far more liberal note pursue.
Who will may be a judge—my kindling breast
Burns for that chair which Roscius once possess'd,
Here give your votes, your interest here exert,
And let success for once attend desert.'

With sleek appearance and with ambling pace,
And, type of vacant head, with vacant face,
The proteus Hill[16] put in his modest plea,—
'Let Favour speak for others, Worth for me.'—
For who, like him, his various powers could call
Into so many shapes, and shine in all?
Who could so nobly grace the motley list,
Actor, Inspector, Doctor, Botanist?

[16] Dr. John Hill was originally an apothecary and a student in botany, a pamphleteer, or an actor and a dramatic author. Few epigrams possess truer point than that of Garrick on this medical dramatist:

For physic and farces his equal there scarce is,
His farces are physic, his physic a farce is.

He compiled the supplement to Chambers's Dictionary, and published a daily paper called the 'Inspector,' to which Churchill alludes.

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Knows any one so well—sure no one knows—
At once to play, prescribe, compound, compose?
Who can—But Woodward [17] came,—Hill slipp'd away,
Melting, like ghosts, before the rising day.
With that low cunning, which in fools supplies,
And amply too, the place of being wise,
Which Nature, kind indulgent parent, gave
To qualify the blockhead for a knave;
With that smooth falsehood, whose appearance charms,
And reason of each wholesome doubt disarms,
Which to the lowest depths of guile descends,
By vilest means pursues the vilest ends,
Wears Friendship's mask for purposes of spite,
Fawns in the day, and butchers in the night;
With that malignant envy, which turns pale,
And sickens, even if a friend prevail,
Which merit and success pursues with hate,
And damns the worth it cannot imitate;
With the cold caution of a coward's spleen,
Which fears not guilt, but always seeks a screen,
Which keeps this maxim ever in her view—
What's basely done, should be done safely too;
With that dull, rooted, callous impudence
Which, dead to shame, and every nicer sense,
Ne'er blush'd, unless, in spreading vice's snares,
She blunder'd on some virtue unawares;
With all these blessings, which we seldom find
Lavish'd by Nature on one happy mind,

17 This alludes to a paper war in which Hill was engaged with Woodward the comedian, in consequence of an insult the latter had received from him in the exercise of his profession.

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A motley figure, of the fribble tribe,
Which heart can scarce conceive, or pen describe,
Came simpering on; to ascertain whose sex
Twelve sage, impannell'd matrons would perplex;
Nor male, nor female; neither, and yet both;
Of neuter gender, though of Irish growth;
A six-foot suckling, mincing in Its gait,
Affected, peevish, prim, and delicate;
Fearful It seem'd, though of athletic make,
Lest brutal breezes should too roughly shake
Its tender form, and savage motion spread
O'er Its pale cheeks the horrid manly red.

Much did It talk, in Its own pretty phrase,
Of genius and of taste, of players and plays;
Much too of writings, which Itself had wrote,
Of special merit, though of little note;
For fate, in a strange humour, had decreed
That what It wrote, none but Itself should read;
Much, too, It chatter'd of dramatic laws,
Misjudging critics, and misplac'd applause;
Then, with a self-complacent jutting air,
It smil'd, It smirk'd, It wriggled to the chair,
And, with an awkward briskness not Its own,
Looking around, and perking on the throne,
Triumphant seem'd, when that strange savage dame,
Known but to few, or only known by name,
Plain Common-Sense appear'd, by Nature there
Appointed, with Plain-Truth, to guard the chair;
The pageant saw, and blasted with her frown,
To Its first state of nothing melted down.

Nor shall the Muse, (for even there the pride
Of this vain nothing shall be mortified)
Nor shall the Muse (should fate ordain her rhymes,
Fond, pleasing thought! to live in after-times,)

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With such a trifler's name her pages blot;
Known be the character, the thing forgot:
Let It, to disappoint each future aim,
Live without sex, and die without a name [18]!
Cold-blooded critics, by enervate sires
Scarce hammer'd out, when Nature's feeble fires
Glimmer'd their last; whose sluggish blood, half froze,
Creeps labouring through the veins; whose heart ne'er glows
With fancy-kindled heat:—a servile race,
Who, in mere want of fault, all merit place;
Who blind obedience pay to ancient schools,
Bigots to Greece, and slaves to musty rules;
With solemn consequence declar'd that none
Could judge that cause but Sophocles alone:
Dupes to their fancied excellence, the crowd,
Obsequious to the sacred dictate, bow'd.
When, from amidst the throng, a youth stood forth,
Unknown his person, not unknown his worth;
His look bespoke applause; alone he stood,
Alone he stem'd the mighty critic flood:
He talk'd of ancients, as the man became
Who priz'd our own, but envied not their fame;
With noble reverence spoke of Greece and Rome,
And scorn'd to tear the laurel from the tomb.
'But more than just to other countries grown,
Must we turn base apostates to our own?
Where do these words of Greece and Rome excel,
That England may not please the ear as well?

[18] Mr. William Tooke, in his able illustrative notes on this poem, has informed us that the original of this spirited invective was one Fitzpatrick, who was also the hero of Garrick's Fribbleriad.

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What mighty magic's in the place or air,
That all perfection needs must centre there?
In states, let strangers blindly be preferr'd;
In state of letters, merit should be heard.
Genius is of no country; her pure ray
Spreads all abroad, as general as the day;
Foe to restraint, from place to place she flies,
And may hereafter ev'n in Holland rise.
May not, (to give a pleasing fancy scope,
And cheer a patriot heart with patriot hope)
May not some great extensive genius raise
The name of Britain 'bove Athenian praise;
And, whilst brave thirst of fame his bosom warms,
Make England great in letters as in arms?
There may—there hath—and Shakspeare's muse aspires
Beyond the reach of Greece: with native fires
Mounting aloft, he wings his daring flight,
Whilst Sophocles below stands trembling at his height.

'Why should we then abroad for judges roam,
When abler judges we may find at home?
Happy in tragic and in comic pow'rs,
Have we not Shakspeare?—is not Jonson ours?
For them, your natural judges, Britons, vote;
They'll judge like Britons, who like Britons wrote.'
He said, and conquer'd.—Sense resum'd her sway,
And disappointed pedants stalk'd away.
Shakspeare and Jonson, with deserv'd applause,
Joint judges were ordain'd to try the cause.
Meantime the stranger every voice employ'd,
To ask or tell his name.—Who is it?—Lloyd. [19]

[19] Robert Lloyd, the bosom friend of our author, was the son of Dr. Peirson Lloyd, and was author of the poem

Thus, when the aged friends of Job stood mute,
And, tamely prudent, gave up the dispute,
Elihu, with the decent warmth of youth,
Boldly stood forth the advocate of Truth;
Confuted Falsehood, and disabled Pride,
Whilst baffled Age stood snarling at his side.
The day of trial's fix'd, nor any fear
Lest day of trial should be put off here:
Causes but seldom for delay can call
In courts where forms are few, fees none at all.
The morning came, nor find I that the sun,
As he on other great events hath done,
Put on a brighter robe than what he wore
To go his journey in, the day before.
Full in the centre of a spacious plain,
On plan entirely new, where nothing vain,
Nothing magnificent appear'd, but Art
With decent modesty perform'd her part,
Rose a tribunal; from no other court
It borrow'd ornament, or sought support;
No juries here were pack'd to kill or clear,
No bribes were taken, nor oaths broken here;
No gownsmen, partial to a client's cause,
To their own purpose tun'd the pliant laws:

called 'The Actor.' Mr. Lloyd took the degree of M. A. at Cambridge, and was afterwards usher at Westminster school, but this he relinquished, and resorted to his pen for subsistence: and being of a thoughtless and extravagant turn, he soon contracted debts which he was unable to discharge. This placed him within the walls of the Fleet-Prison, where he depended for support almost wholly on the bounty of Churchill, whose kindness to him continued during all his necessities. On the death of his benefactor, Lloyd sunk into a state of despondence, and his unhappy life came to a close on the 15th of December, 1764, in less than two months after the death of Churchill.

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Each judge was true and steady to his trust,
As Mansfield [20] wise, and as old Foster [21] just.
In the first seat, in robe of various dyes,
A noble wildness flashing from his eyes,
Sat Shakspeare :—in one hand a wand he bore,
For mighty wonders fam'd in days of yore;
The other held a globe, which to his will
Obedient turn'd, and own'd the master's skill:
Things of the noblest kind his genius drew,
And look'd through Nature at a single view:
A loose he gave to his unbounded soul,
And taught new lands to rise, new seas to roll:
Call'd into being scenes unknown before,
And, passing Nature's bounds, was something more.
Next Jonson sat, in ancient learning train'd,
His rigid judgment Fancy's flights restrain'd;
Correctly prun'd each wild luxuriant thought,
Mark'd out her course, nor spar'd a glorious fault:
The book of man he read with nicest art,
And ransack'd all the secrets of the heart;
Exerted penetration's utmost force,
And trac'd each passion to its proper source:
Then, strongly mark'd, in liveliest colours drew,
And brought each foible forth to public view:
The coxcomb felt a lash in every word,
And fools, hung out, their brother fools deterr'd.
His comic humour kept the world in awe,
And laughter frighten'd Folly more than law.
But, hark!—the trumpet sounds, the crowd gives way,
And the procession comes in just array.

[20] The celebrated Lord Chief Justice Murray, Earl of Mansfield.

[21] Sir Michael Foster, one of the Judges of the Court of King's Bench. He died the 7th of November, 1763.

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Now should I, in some sweet poetic line,
Offer up incense at Apollo's shrine,
Invoke the Muse to quit her calm abode,
And waken Memory, with a sleeping ode [22]:
For how should mortal man, in mortal verse,
Their titles, merits, or their names rehearse?
But give, kind Dulness! memory and rhyme,
We'll put off genius till another time.

First, Order came,—with solemn step, and slow,
In measur'd time his feet were taught to go.
Behind, from time to time, he cast his eye,
Lest this should quit his place, that step awry:
Appearances to save his only care;
So things seem right, no matter what they are:
In him his parents saw themselves renew'd,
Begotten by Sir Critic on Saint Prude.

Then came drum, trumpet, hautboy, fiddle, flute:
Next snuffer, sweeper, shifter, soldier, mute:
Legions of angels all in white advance;
Furies, all fire, come forward in a dance;
Pantomime figures then are brought to view,
Fools hand in hand with fools, go two by two.
Next came the Treasurer of either House,
One with full purse, t'other with not a sous [23]:
Behind, a groupe of figures awe create,
Set off with all the' impertinence of state;
By lace and feather consecrate to fame,
Expletive kings, and queens without a name.

[22] A supposed allusion to Mason's 'Ode to Memory,' which was also ridiculed by Lloyd in an 'Ode to Oblivion.'

[23] Covent-Garden theatre became rich under the management of Beard, who, with Miss Brent in the Beggar's Opera and Artaxerxes, turned the tide of public favour for several seasons to the advantage of that house.

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Here Havard[24], all serene, in the same strains
Loves, hates, and rages, triumphs, and complains;
His easy vacant face proclaim'd a heart
Which could not feel emotions, nor impart.
With him came mighty Davies[25]; on my life,
That Davies hath a very pretty wife:—
Statesman all over!—in plots famous grown!—
He mouths a sentence, as curs mouth a bone.
Next Holland[26] came,—with truly tragic stalk,
He creeps, he flies,—a hero should not walk.
As if with Heaven he warr'd, his eager eyes
Planted their batteries against the skies;
Attitude, action, air, pause, start, sigh, groan,
He borrow'd, and made use of as his own.
By fortune thrown on any other stage,
He might, perhaps, have pleas'd an easy age;
But now appears a copy, and no more,
Of something better we have seen before.
The actor who would build a solid fame,
Must imitation's servile arts disclaim;
Act from himself, on his own bottom stand;
I hate ev'n Garrick thus at second-hand.
Behind came King.—Bred up in modest lore,
Bashful and young he sought Hibernia's shore;

[24] William Havard was the son of a vintner at Dublin, and originally intended for the practice of surgery. As an actor he pas pleasing though not powerful, and his attention to his part and amiable character recommended him to the good-will of the audience.

[25] Thomas Davies, a bookseller, actor, and author. He died in 1785. Mrs. Davies was sometimes called upon to perform Mrs. Cibber's parts, particularly Cordelia in Lear; and her figure, look, and deportment, made her be received with no inconsiderable share of approbation.

[26] Holland, a pupil of Mr. Garrick, under whose tuition he made some proficiency, though he seldom merited more praise than that of being a close copy of his original.

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Hibernia, fam'd, 'bove every other grace,
For matchless intrepidity of face:
From her his features caught the generous flame,
And bid defiance to all sense of shame;
Tutor'd by her all rivals to surpass,
'Mongst Drury's sons he comes, and shines in Brass [27],
Lo, Yates [28]!—Without the least finesse of art
He gets applause; I wish he'd get his part.
When hot impatience is in full career
How vilely 'Hark'e! Hark'e!' grates the ear;
When active fancy from the brain is sent,
And stands on tip-toe for some wish'd event,
I hate those careless blunders which recal
Suspended sense, and prove it fiction all.
In characters of low and vulgar mould,
Where Nature's coarsest features we behold,
Where, destitute of every decent grace,
Unmanner'd jests are blurted in your face;
There Yates, with justice, strict attention draws,
Acts truly from himself, and gains applause;
But when, to please himself, or charm his wife,
He aims at something in politer life,
When, blindly thwarting Nature's stubborn plan,
He treads the stage by way of gentleman,
The clown, who no one touch of breeding knows,
Looks like Tom Errand dress'd in Clincher's clothes [29],

[27] King's most admired characters were Brass in the Confederacy, Sir Peter Teazle in the School for Scandal, the Grave-digger in Hamlet, &c.; but his *chef-d'œuvre* was Lord Ogilby in the Clandestine Marriage, which he performed with uncommon discrimination. For dry humour and articulate volubility King was unequalled. He died in 1801.

[28] The character of Yates is accurately drawn by Churchill.

[29] A character in Farquhar's comedy of the Constant Couple.

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Fond of his dress, fond of his person grown,
Laugh'd at by all, and to himself unknown,
From side to side he struts, he smiles, he prates,
And seems to wonder what's become of Yates.
Woodward [30], endow'd with various tricks of face,
Great master in the science of grimace,
From Ireland ventures, favourite of the Town,
Lur'd by the pleasing prospect of renown;
A speaking Harlequin, made up of whim,
He twists, he twines, he tortures, every limb,
Plays to the eye with a mere monkey's art,
And leaves to sense the conquest of the heart.
We laugh indeed; but, on reflection's birth,
We wonder at ourselves, and curse our mirth.
His walk of parts he fatally misplac'd,
And inclination fondly took for taste;
Hence hath the town so often seen display'd
Beau in burlesque, high life in masquerade.
But when bold wits, (not such as patch up plays,
Cold and correct, in these insipid days,)
Some comic character, strong featur'd, urge,
To probability's extremest verge;
Where modest Judgment her decree suspends,
And for a time, nor censures nor commends;

[30] Henry Woodward was born in London, had a liberal education at Merchant Taylors' School, and was at first engaged in the business of a tallow chandler. He was then bound apprentice to Mr. Rich, the manager of Covent-Garden Theatre, under whose tuition he became qualified for a harlequin. He afterwards engaged at Drury-Lane, where his comic powers acquired great applause. Bobadil and Parolles were esteemed his masterpieces. His death happened on the 17th of April, 1777, and was occasioned by an accident, as he was jumping on to a table, in the character of Scrub in the Beaux Stratagem.

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Where critics can't determine on the spot
Whether it is in nature found or not,
There Woodward safely shall his powers exert,
Nor fail of favour where he shows desert;
Hence he in Bobadil such praises bore,
Such worthy praises, Kitely [31] scarce had more.
By turns transform'd into all kind of shapes,
Constant to none, Foote [32] laughs, cries, struts, and scrapes:
Now in the centre, now in van or rear,
The Proteus shifts, bawd, parson, auctioneer [33].
His strokes of humour, and his bursts of sport
Are all contain'd in this one word,—distort.
Doth a man stutter, look a-squint, or halt?
Mimics draw humour out of Nature's fault,
With personal defects their mirth adorn,
And hang misfortunes out to public scorn.
Ev'n I, whom Nature cast in hideous mould,
Whom, having made, she trembled to behold,
Beneath the load of mimicry may groan,
And find that Nature's errors are my own.
Shadows behind of Foote and Woodward came;
Wilkinson this, Obrien [34] was that name.

[31] Kitely, in Jonson's Every Man in his Humour, was a favourite character of Garrick's.

[32] Foote was outrageously offended at this attack, and was most violent in his anger. He wrote a prose dialogue, wherein he lampooned Churchill and Lloyd, but was too wise to publish it.

[33] In several of his farces, Foote personated three or four of the principal characters himself.

[34] Obrien was originally a fencing master, and made his first appearance as an actor at Drury-Lane Theatre, in 1758, in the part of Captain Brazen. After continuing on the stage six years, he married Lady Susan Strangeways, daughter to the Earl of Ilchester, and soon after went over to America, where he enjoyed a profitable post under government.

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Strange to relate, but wonderfully true,
That even shadows have their shadows too!
With not a single comic power endued,
The first a mere mere mimic's mimic stood;
The last, by Nature form'd to please, who shows
In Jonson's Stephen which way genius grows;
Self quite put off, affects, with too much art,
To put on Woodward in each mangled part;
Adopts his shrug, his wink, his stare; nay, more,
His voice, and croaks; for Woodward croak'd be-
When a dull copier simple grace neglects, [fore.
And rests his imitation in defects,
We readily forgive; but such vile arts
Are double guilt in men of real parts.
By Nature form'd in her perversest mood,
With no one requisite of art endued,
Next Jackson [35] came.—Observe that settled glare,
Which better speaks a puppet than a play'r;
List to that voice—did ever Discord hear
Sounds so well fitted to her untun'd ear?
When to enforce some very tender part,
The right hand sleeps by instinct on the heart,
His soul, of every other thought bereft,
Is anxious only where to place the left;
He sobs and pants to soothe his weeping spouse,
To soothe his weeping mother, turns and bows:
Awkward, embarrass'd, stiff, without the skill
Of moving gracefully, or standing still,
One leg, as if suspicious of his brother,
Desirous seems to run away from t'other.

[35] Jackson has since had the chief management of the Theatre Royal at Edinburgh; though possessed of a good person and some judgment, he was a very indifferent performer, owing to the disadvantages of a harsh voice and provincial accent.

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Some errors, handed down from age to age,
Plead custom's force, and still possess the stage.
That's vile——Should we a parent's faults adore,
And err because our fathers err'd before!
If, inattentive to the author's mind,
Some actors made the jest they could not find,
If by low tricks they marr'd fair Nature's mien,
And blurr'd the graces of the simple scene,
Shall we, if reason rightly is employ'd,
Not see their faults; or, seeing, not avoid?
When Falstaff stands detected in a lie,
Why without meaning rolls Love's[36] glassy eye?
Why?—There's no cause—at least no cause we know—
It was the fashion twenty years ago:
Fashion—a word which knaves and fools may use,
Their knavery and folly to excuse.
To copy beauties, forfeits all pretence
To fame—to copy faults, is want of sense.

Yet (though in some particulars he fails,
Some few particulars, where mode prevails)
If in these hallow'd times, when sober, sad,
All gentlemen are melancholy mad,
When 'tis not deem'd so great a crime by half
To violate a vestal as to laugh,
Rude mirth may hope presumptuous to engage
An act of toleration for the stage;
And courtiers will, like reasonable creatures,
Suspend vain fashion, and unscrew their features;
Old Falstaff, play'd by Love, shall please once more,
And humour set the audience in a roar.

[36] James Love, an actor and dramatic writer. His real name was Dance, and his father was surveyor to the city of London. The son was a performer on Drury-Lane stage, and excelled in the character of Falstaff. He died in 1774.

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Actors I've seen, and of no vulgar name,
Who, being from one part possess'd of fame,
Whether they are to laugh, cry, whine, or bawl,
Still introduce that favourite part in all.
Here, Love, be cautious—ne'er be thou betray'd
To call in that wag Falstaff's dangerous aid;
Like Goths of old, howe'er he seems a friend,
He'll seize that throne you wish him to defend.
In a peculiar mould by humour cast,
For Falstaff fram'd—himself, the first and last—
He stands aloof from all—maintains his state,
And scorns, like Scotsmen, to assimilate.
Vain all disguise—too plain we see the trick,
Though the knight wears the weeds of Dominic [37],
And Boniface [38], disgrac'd, betrays the smack,
In *anno Domini*, of Falstaff's sack.
Arms cross'd, brows bent, eyes fix'd, feet marching slow,
A band of malcontents with spleen o'erflow;
Wrapt in conceit's impenetrable fog,
Which pride, like Phœbus, draws from every bog,
They curse the managers, and curse the town
Whose partial favour keeps such merit down.
[39] But if some man, more hardy than the rest,
Should dare attack these gnatlings in their nest,
At once they rise with impotence of rage,
Whet their small stings, and buz about the stage.
'Tis breach of privilege!—Shall any dare
To arm satiric truth against a play'r?

37 In Dryden's Spanish Friar.

38 In Farquhar's Beaux Stratagem.

39 The lines within brackets were added in the second edition, in consequence of the language adopted by some of the Actors and Reviewers, on the first appearance of the poem,

Prescriptive rights we plead time out of mind;
Actors, unlash'd themselves, may lash mankind.'
What! shall Opinion then, of nature free,
And liberal as the vagrant air, agree
To rust in chains like these, impos'd by things
Which, less than nothing, ape the pride of kings?
No—though half-poets with half-players join
To curse the freedom of each honest line:
Though rage and malice dim their faded cheek,
What the Muse freely thinks, she'll freely speak;
With just disdain of every paltry sneer,
Stranger alike to flattery and fear,
In purpose fix'd, and to herself a rule,
Public contempt shall wait the public fool.]
Austin[40] would always glisten in French silks,
Ackman would Norris be, and Packer Wilks[41];
For who, like Ackman, can with humour please?
Who can, like Packer, charm with sprightly ease?
Higher than all the rest, see Bransby[42] strut:
A mighty Gulliver in Lilliput!
Ludicrous Nature! which at once could show
A man so very high, so very low.
If I forget thee, Blakes, or if I say
Aught hurtful, may I never see thee play.
Let critics, with a supercilious air,
Decry thy various merit, and declare

[40] Austin is believed to be the present manager of some provincial Theatre.

[41] Wilks and Norris, two excellent actors of the old school, were contemporaries with Betterton and Booth. Packer and Ackman long retained humble engagements at Drury Lane Theatre; and were useful ciphers.

[42] Bransby was uncommonly tall, and in his gait remarkably stiff; but his performance of Kent in Lear, and of Downright in Every Man in his Humour, might have entitled him to honourable mention.

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Frenchman [43] is still at top;—but scorn that rage
Which, in attacking thee, attacks the age:
French follies, universally embrac'd,
At once provoke our mirth, and form our taste.
Long, from a nation ever hardly us'd,
At random censur'd, wantonly abus'd,
Have Britons drawn their sport; with partial view
Form'd general notions from the rascal few;
Condemn'd a people, as for vices known,
Which, from their country banish'd, seek our own.
At length, howe'er, the slavish chain is broke,
And Sense, awaken'd, scorns her ancient yoke:
Taught by thee, Moody [44], we now learn to raise
Mirth from their foibles, from their virtues, praise.
Next came the legion which our summer Bayes [45]
From alleys, here and there, contriv'd to raise;
Flush'd with vast hopes, and certain to succeed,
With wits who cannot write, and scarce can read.
Veterans no more support the rotten cause,
No more from Elliot's worth they reap applause;
Each on himself determines to rely;
Be Yates disbanded, and let Elliot fly.
Never did players so well an author fit,
To Nature dead, and foes declar'd to wit.

[43] The forte of Blakes lay in personating the French fop or valet, which he did with consummate chasteness and accuracy. He died in 1763.

[44] This very respectable actor and man retired from the stage about the year 1795. In Irish characters he has never been excelled.

[45] Alluding to the summer theatre, where Murphy's plays were got up and acted under the joint management of himself and Mr. Foote. Miss Elliot, a young actress of merit, appeared there for the first time, in the part of Maria, in the Citizen.

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So loud each tongue, so empty was each head,
So much they talk'd, so very little said,
So wondrous dull, and yet so wondrous vain,
At once so willing, and unfit to reign,
That Reason swore, nor would the oath recal,
Their mighty master's soul inform'd them all.

As one with various disappointments sad,
Whom dullness only kept from being mad,
Apart from all the rest great Murphy came—
Common to fools and wits the rage of fame.
What though the sons of Nonsense hail him Sire,
Auditor[46], Author, Manager, and 'Squire,
His restless soul's ambition stops not there;
To make his triumphs perfect, dub him Play'r.

In person tall, a figure form'd to please,
If symmetry could charm, depriv'd of ease;
When motionless he stands, we all approve;
What pity 'tis the Thing was made to move!

His voice, in one dull, deep, unvaried sound,
Seems to break forth from caverns under ground;
From hollow chest the low sepulchral note
Unwilling heaves, and struggles in his throat.

Could authors butcher'd give an actor grace,
All must to him resign the foremost place.
When he attempts, in some one favourite part,
To ape the feelings of a manly heart,
His honest features the disguise defy,
And his face loudly gives his tongue the lie.

Still in extremes, he knows no happy mean,
Or raving mad, or stupidly serene:

[46] Murphy, in the Auditor, undertook, in concert with Dr. Smollett, who was the editor of the Briton, a systematic defence of Lord Bute's administration.

In cold-wrought scenes, the lifeless actor flags;
In passion, tears the passion into rags.
Can none remember?—Yes—I know all must—
When in the Moor he ground his teeth to dust,
When o'er the stage he Folly's standard bore,
Whilst Common-Sense stood trembling at the door.

How few are found with real talents bless'd!
Fewer with Nature's gifts contented rest.
Man from his sphere eccentric starts astray;
All hunt for fame, but most mistake the way.
Bred at St. Omer's to the shuffling trade,
The hopeful youth a Jesuit might have made,
With various readings stor'd his empty skull,
Learn'd without sense, and venerably dull;
Or, at some banker's desk, like many more,
Content to tell, that two and two make four;
His name had stood in City-annals fair,
And prudent Dullness mark'd him for a may'r.

What then could tempt thee, in a critic-age,
Such blooming hopes to forfeit on a stage?
Could it be worth thy wondrous waste of pains
To publish to the world thy lack of brains?
Or might not reason e'en to thee have shown
Thy greatest praise had been to live unknown?
Yet let not vanity, like thine, despair:
Fortune makes Folly her peculiar care.

A vacant throne high-plac'd in Smithfield view,
To sacred Dullness and her first-born due;
Thither with haste in happy hour repair,
Thy birth-right claim, nor fear a rival there.
Shuter himself shall own thy juster claim,
And venal Ledgers[47] puff their Murphy's name,

[47] The Public-Ledger was a newspaper, conducted by Hugh Kelly.

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Whilst Vaughan[48] or Dapper, call him which you will,
Shall blow the trumpet, and give out the bill.
There rule secure from critics and from sense,
Nor once shall Genius rise to give offence;
Eternal peace shall bless the happy shore,
And little factions break thy rest no more.

From Covent Garden crowds promiscuous go,
Whom the Muse knows not, nor desires to know:
Veterans they seem'd, but knew of arms no more
Than if, till that time, arms they never bore:
Like Westminster-militia, train'd to fight,
They scarcely knew the left hand from the right.
Asham'd among such troops to show the head,
Their chiefs were scatter'd, and their heroes fled.

Sparks[49] at his glass sat comfortably down
To separate frown from smile, and smile from frown.
Smith[50], the genteel, the airy, and the smart,
Smith was just gone to school to say his part.
Ross[51], (a misfortune which we often meet)
Was fast asleep at dear Statira's feet;

[48] Thomas Vaughan, a friend of Murphy, wrote two farces, neither of which deserve to be recorded.

[49] Luke Sparks was a man of strong intelligence, and knew how to captivate his auditory. He acquired a competent fortune, though not entirely from acting, and retired from the stage soon after the publication of the Rosciad. He died about the year 1769.

[50] A very favourite actor in genteel comedy, and the original Charles Surface, in the School for Scandal. He married a woman of fortune, and retired from the stage about the year 1788, to reside at Bury St Edmonds. In 1797, he was prevailed upon to act Charles, for the benefit of his friend King, which he did, with an ease and elegance that obtained the unanimous applause of a crowded house.

[51] Ross pleaded guilty to the charge brought against him by Churchill, and laughed at his punishment. His defects were owing to his love of ease, and fondness for social plea-

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Statira, with her hero to agree,
Stood on her feet as fast asleep as he.
Macklin [52], who largely deals in half-form'd sounds,
Who wantonly transgresses Nature's bounds,
Whose acting's hard, affected, and constrain'd,
Whose features, as each other they disdain'd,
At variance set, inflexible, and coarse,
Ne'er know the workings of united force,
Ne'er kindly soften to each other's aid,
Nor show the mingled powers of light and shade;
No longer for a thankless stage concern'd,
To worthier thoughts his mighty genius turn'd,
Harangued, gave lectures, made each simple elf
Almost as good a speaker as himself;
Whilst the whole town, mad with mistaken zeal,
An awkward rage for elocution feel,
Dull cits and grave divines his praise proclaim,
And join with Sheridan's [53] their Macklin's name.
Shuter, who never car'd a single pin
Whether he left out nonsense, or put in,
Who aim'd at wit, though, levell'd in the dark,
The random arrow seldom hit the mark,
At Islington, all by the placid stream
Where City-swains in lap of Dullness dream,
Where, quiet as her strains their strains do flow,
That all the patron by the bards may know,

sure; for he sometimes gave proofs that he possessed abilities to rouse and animate an audience in the principal scenes of our best tragedies.

[52] Charles Macklin, *alias* M'Laughlin, 'The Jew that Shakspeare drew.' The censure bestowed on him by Churchill is just, but his very defects were in his favour in the representation of Shylock, and in his own plays of the Man of the World and Love-a-la-Mode.

[53] This gentleman was a competitor of Macklin's in teaching elocution.

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Secret as night, with Rolt's [54] experienc'd aid,
The plan of future operations laid,
Projected schemes the summer months to cheer,
And spin out happy folly through the year.
But think not, though these dastard chiefs are fled,
That Covent Garden troops shall want a head;
Harlequin comes their chief!—See from afar
The hero seated in fantastic car!
Wedded to Novelty, his only arms
Are wooden swords, wands, talismans, and charms;
On one side Folly sits, by some call'd Fun,
And on the other his arch-patron, Lun [55];
Behind, for liberty a-thirst in vain,
Sense, helpless, captive, drags the galling chain;
Six rude misshapen beasts the chariot draw,
Whom Reason loaths, and Nature never saw,
Monsters, with tails of ice, and heads of fire;
'Gorgons, and hydras, and chimeras dire.'
Each was bestrode by full as monstrous wight,
Giant, dwarf, genius, elf, hermaphrodite.
The Town, as usual, met him in full cry;
The Town, as usual, knew no reason why:
But fashion so directs, and Moderns raise
On Fashion's mouldering base their transient praise.
Next, to the field a band of females draw
Their force, for Britain owns no salique law:
Just to their worth, we female rights admit,
Nor bar their claim to empire or to wit.

[54] Richard Rolt had been a hackney writer to an attorney, and became a drudge to the booksellers. He is thought to have excited Churchill's notice by having engaged with Smart in some theatrical enterprise, and afterwards to have joined Shuter in a similar scheme.

[55] Mr. John Rich, the manager of Covent Garden, acquired the name of Lun, by his excellent performance of Harlequin: in which he remained unrivalled during half a century.

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First giggling, plotting, chamber-maids arrive,
Hoydens and romps, led on by General Clive [56].
In spite of outward blemishes she shone,
For humour fam'd and humour all her own:
Easy, as if at home, the stage she trod,
Nor sought the critic's praise, nor fear'd his rod:
Original in spirit and in ease,
She pleas'd, by hiding all attempts to please:
No comic actress ever yet could raise
On humour's base, more merit or more praise.

With all the native vigour of sixteen,
Among the merry troop conspicuous seen,
See lively Pope [57] advance in jig and trip,
Corinna, Cherry, Honeycomb, and Snip:
Not without art, but yet to nature true,
She charms the town with humour just, yet new:
Cheer'd by her promise, we the less deplore
The fatal time when Clive shall be no more [58],

Lo! Vincent [59] comes—with simple grace array'd,
She laughs at paltry arts, and scorns parade:
Nature through her is by reflection shown,
Whilst Gay once more knows Polly for his own.

[56] Catherine Clive, a celebrated comic actress, was the daughter of an Irish gentleman of the name of Raftor, and in 1732 married G. Clive, Esq. brother of Mr. Baron Clive. From a collision of tempers they soon separated, but calumny never wounded her fame. In 1769 Mrs. Clive quitted the stage, and lived a retired life upon a competency at Twickenham, where she died in 1785, at the age of 74.

[57] This pleasing actress has confirmed the poet's prediction, and still contributes to the entertainment of the public.

[58] It is remarkable that Lloyd, the friend of Churchill, strengthened this closing presage, by declaring,

Pope, for comic humour fam'd,
Shall live when Clive no more is nam'd.

[59] Mrs. Vincent, afterward Mrs. Mills, was more admired for her melodious voice than for her talents as an actress.

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Talk not to me of diffidence and fear—
I see it all, but must forgive it here;
Defects like these, which modest terrors cause,
From Impudence itself extort applause:
Candour and Reason still take Virtue's part;
We love ev'n foibles in so good a heart.
Let Tommy Arne [60], with usual pomp of style,
Whose chief, whose only merit's to compile,
Who, meanly pilfering here and there a bit,
Deals music out as Murphy deals out wit,
Publish proposals, laws for taste prescribe,
And chant the praise of an Italian tribe;
Let him reverse kind Nature's first decrees,
And teach ev'n Brent [61] a method not to please;
But never shall a truly British age
Bear a vile race of eunuchs on the stage;
The boasted work's call'd national in vain,
If one Italian voice pollutes the strain.
Where tyrants rule, and slaves with joy obey,
Let slavish minstrels pour the' enervate lay;
To Britons far more noble pleasures spring,
In native notes whilst Beard [62] and Vincent sing.

[60] Thomas Augustine Arne, an English musician, and brother to Mrs. Cibber. He became eminent in his profession, and in 1759 he had the degree of doctor of music conferred on him by the university of Oxford. His Artaxerxes still ranks among the first of our operative compositions. He died in 1778.

[61] Miss Brent was a scholar of Dr. Arne, and though deficient in beauty as well as form to represent Polly Peachum; yet such were the fascinating powers of her voice, that the Town seemed to be better pleased with the Beggar's Opera when Beard and Brent performed, than when the parts were originally acted by Tom Walker and the celebrated Miss Fenton, afterwards Duchess of Bolton.

[62] John Beard married a daughter of Rich, and in 1761 succeeded in the management of Covent Garden Theatre.

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Might figure give a title unto fame,
What rival should with Yates [63] dispute her claim?
But justice may not partial trophies raise,
Nor sink the actress in the woman's praise.
Still hand in hand her words and actions go,
And the heart feels more than the features show;
For, through the regions of that beauteous face
We no variety of passions trace;
Dead to the soft emotions of the heart,
No kindred softness can those eyes impart:
The brow, still fix'd in sorrow's sullen frame,
Void of distinction, marks all parts the same.
What's a fine person, or a beauteous face,
Unless deportment gives them decent grace?
Bless'd with all other requisites to please,
Some want the striking elegance of ease;
The curious eye their awkward movement tires:
They seem like puppets led about by wires:
Others, like statues, in one posture still,
Give great ideas of the workman's skill;
Wondering, his art we praise the more we view,
And only grieve he gave not motion too.

His first wife was the Lady Henrietta Herbert, daughter of James Earl Waldegrave, and widow of Lord Edward Herbert. His first appearance in Covent-Garden was in 1759, in the character of Macbeath, which, aided by Miss Brent in Polly, ran fifty-two nights. He retired from the stage in 1769, and died in 1791 at the age of 74 years.

[63] Anna Maria Yates, the wife of Richard Yates, beforementioned, and a tragic actress of very considerable celebrity. She performed at Dury Lane with Garrick, near the close of his theatrical career; and her recitation of Sheridan's Monody on his death drew many tears. Mrs. Yates died in 1787: and an affectionate tribute to her merits appeared in the Gentleman's Magazine for July in that year, from the pen of a female friend.

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Weak of themselves are what we beauties call;
It is the manner which gives strength to all;
This teaches every beauty to unite,
And brings them forward in the noblest light:
Happy in this, behold, amidst the throng,
With transient gleam of grace, Hart [64] sweeps along.
If all the wonders of external grace,
A person finely turn'd, a mould of face,
Where, union rare, expression's lively force
With beauty's softest magic holds discourse,
Attract the eye; if feelings, void of art,
Rouse the quick passions, and inflame the heart;
If music, sweetly breathing from the tongue,
Captives the ear, Bride [65] must not pass unsung.
When fear, which rank ill-nature terms conceit,
By time and custom conquer'd, shall retreat;
When judgment, tutor'd by experience sage,
Shall shoot abroad and gather strength from age;
When Heaven, in mercy, shall the stage release
From the dull slumbers of a still-life piece;
When some stale flower, disgraceful to the walk,
Which long hath hung, though wither'd, on the stalk,
Shall kindly drop, then Bride shall make her way,
And merit find a passage to the day;
Brought into action, she at once shall raise
Her own renown, and justify our praise.

[64] Mrs. Hart was the daughter of a reputable tradesman in St. James's, and obtained an engagement at Covent Garden by the elegance of her figure, but was possessed of no other claim to public favour.

[65] It has been thought that Churchill considerably overrated the abilities of this actress, whose reputation never seems to have 'justified his praise.'

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Form'd for the tragic scene, to grace the stage
With rival excellence of love and rage;
Mistress of each soft art, with matchless skill
To turn and wind the passions as she will;
To melt the heart with sympathetic woe,
Awake the sigh, and teach the tear to flow;
To put on frenzy's wild distracted glare,
And freeze the soul with horror and despair;
With just desert enroll'd in endless fame,
Conscious of worth superior, Cibber [66] came.

When poor Alicia's maddening brains are rack'd,
And strongly imag'd griefs her mind distract,
Struck with her grief, I catch the madness too,
My brain turns round, the headless trunk I view!
The roof cracks, shakes, and falls!—new horrors rise,
And Reason buried in the ruin lies.

Nobly disdainful of each slavish art,
She makes her first attack upon the heart;
Pleas'd with the summons, it receives her laws,
And all is silence, sympathy, applause.

But when, by fond ambition drawn aside,
Giddy with praise, and puff'd with female pride,
She quits the tragic scene, and, in pretence
To comic merit, breaks down Nature's fence,

[66] Mrs. Cibber was the daughter of Mr. Arne, an upholsterer in King Street, Covent Garden, and sister to the celebrated composer of that name. In 1734 she married Theophilus Cibber, and became a pupil of his father Colley, to whose instructions she was considerably indebted for her future eminence. Her person was perfectly elegant; her voice was beyond conception plaintive and musical, yet far from deficient in powers for the expression of resentment or disdain; and she possessed an equal command of feature for the representation of pity or rage, of pride or complacence. Through every cast of tragedy she was excellent, and but for Mrs. Pritchard, supreme. She made some attempts in comedy, but they were in no degree equal to her tragic efforts. She died in 1766.

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I scarcely can believe my ears or eyes,
Or find out Cibber through the dark disguise.
Pritchard [67], by Nature for the stage design'd,
In person graceful, and in sense refin'd;
Her art as much as Nature's friend became,
Her voice as free from blemish as her fame,
Who knows so well in majesty to please,
Attemper'd with the graceful charms of ease?
When Congreve's favour'd pantomime to grace,
She comes a captive queen of Moorish race;
When love, hate, jealousy, despair, and rage,
With wildest tumults in her breast engage,
Still equal to herself is Zara seen;
Her passions are the passions of a queen.
When she to murder whets the timorous thane,
I feel ambition rush through every vein;
Persuasion hangs upon her daring tongue,
My heart grows flint, and every nerve's new strung.
In comedy—'Nay, there,' cries Critic, 'hold;
Pritchard's for comedy too fat and old;

[67] Mrs. Pritchard's maiden name was Vaughan. Her first appearance was in one of Fielding's pieces, in the little Haymarket Theatre. Her second attempt was at the playhouse in Goodman's Fields; and soon after she acted at Bartholomew Fair. Rosalind, in As You Like It, at once established her theatrical rank at Drury Lane. Not confined to any one walk of acting, she there ranged through all; and discovered a fund of merit in every distinct class; her tragic power was eminent, but particularly where force of expression and dignity of action were required. Churchill has seized her peculiar excellencies, and given a finished portrait of her in her prime characters of Lady Macbeth, Zara, and Mrs. Oakly. Her unblemished conduct in private life justly increased her favour with all ranks of people, and few actresses were ever so powerfully patronised as Mrs. Pritchard. After having trod the stage six and thirty years, she in 1768 withdrew to Bath, where she died, about four months after, of a mortification in her foot.

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Who can, with patience, bear the grey coquet,
Or force a laugh with over-grown Juliet?
Her speech, look, action, humour, all are just,
But then her age and figure give disgust.'
Are foibles then, and graces of the mind,
In real life, to size or age confin'd?
Do spirits flow, and is good breeding plac'd
In any set circumference of waist?
As we grow old, doth affectation cease,
Or gives not age new vigour to caprice?
If in originals these things appear,
Why should we bar them in the copy here?
The nice punctilio-mongers of this age,
The grand minute reformers of the stage,
Slaves to propriety of every kind,
Some standard measure for each part should find,
Which when the best of actors shall exceed,
Let it devolve to one of smaller breed.
All Actors, too, upon the back should bear
Certificate of birth;—time, when;—place, where;
For how can critics rightly fix their worth,
Unless they know the minute of their birth?
An audience too deceiv'd, may find, too late,
That they have clapp'd an actor out of date.
Figure, I own, at first may give offence,
And harshly strike the eye's too curious sense;
But when perfections of the mind break forth,
Humour's chaste sallies, judgment's solid worth;
When the pure genuine flame, by Nature taught,
Springs into sense, and every action's thought;
Before such merit all objections fly;
Pritchard's genteel, and Garrick's six feet high.
Oft have I, Pritchard, seen thy wondrous skill,
Confess'd thee great, but find thee greater still,

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That worth, which shone in scatter'd rays before,
Collected now, breaks forth with double pow'r.
The Jealous Wife; on that thy trophies raise,
Inferior only to the author's praise.
From Dublin, fam'd in legends of romance
For mighty magic of enchanted lance,
With which her heroes arm'd victorious prove,
And, like a flood, rush o'er the land of Love,
Mossop [68] and Barry came.—Names ne'er design'd
By Fate in the same sentence to be join'd.
Rais'd by the breath of popular acclaim,
They mounted to the pinnacle of fame;
There the weak brain, made giddy with the height,
Spur'd on the rival chiefs to mortal fight.
Thus sportive boys around some bason's brim
Behold the pipe-drawn bladders circling swim,
But if, from lungs more potent, there arise
Two bubbles of a more than common size,
Eager for honour, they for fight prepare,
Bubble meets bubble, and both sink to air.
Mossop, attach'd to military plan,
Still kept his eye fix'd on his right-hand man;
Whilst the mouth measures words with seeming skill,
The right hand labours, and the left lies still;
For he resolv'd on scripture-grounds to go,
What the right doth, the left hand shall not know.
With studied impropriety of speech
He soars beyond the hackney critic's reach;

[68] Mossop, though ungraceful in deportment and undignified in action, was yet in degree of stage excellence the third actor; Garrick and Barry only were his superiors; in parts of vehemence and rage he was almost unequalled; and in sentimental gravity, from the power of his voice and the justness of his elocution, he was a very commanding speaker. After having been unsuccessful as a manager at Dublin, he returned to London, and died there in great poverty, Nov. 1773.

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To epithets allots emphatic state,
Whilst principals, ungrac'd, like lackies wait;
In ways first trodden by himself excels,
And stands alone in indeclineables;
Conjunction, preposition, adverb, join
To stamp new vigour on the nervous line:
In monosyllables his thunders roll,
He, she, it, and, we, ye, they, fright the soul.
In person taller than the common size,
Behold where Barry [69] draws admiring eyes!
When labouring passions, in his bosom pent,
Convulsive rage, and struggling heave for vent,
Spectators, with imagin'd terrors warm,
Anxious expect the bursting of the storm;
But, all unfit in such a pile to dwell,
His voise comes forth, like Echo from her cell,

[69] Spranger Barry was born in Dublin in 1719, and bred a silversmith, which trade he abandoned for the Theatre, and made his first attempt in the character of Othello in 1744. In 1747 he came to England, and was engaged at Drury-Lane, which he soon quitted for Covent-Garden, and proved a formidable rival to Garrick, who was the leader of the other house. In 1758 he went to Ireland, and jointly with Woodward was concerned in two playhouses, one at Dublin and the other at Cork; these failing, he returned to England, where he was engaged by Foote, at the Haymarket; and in 1766 he accepted the proposals of Garrick, for himself and his wife, at the liberal salary of 1500*l.* per ann. Mrs. Barry was then gradually rising to that excellence in her profession which soon ranked her among the most celebrated actresses. An increase of 200*l.* a year in their salary tempted Mr. and Mrs. Barry in the year 1774 to leave Drury Lane for Covent Garden. An hereditary gout increased upon him at this time, and he died January 10, 1777. Of all the tragic actors who are still remembered, excepting only Garrick, Barry was unquestionably the most pleasing. He established in many of his performances an equality with Garrick, and in Othello and a few other parts contended for the superiority. He likewise excelled in many parts of genteel comedy; such as Lord Townly, Young Beville, &c.

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To swell the tempest needful aid denies,
And all adown the stage in feeble murmurs dies.
What man, like Barry, with such pains, can err
In elocution, action, character?
What man could give, if Barry was not here,
Such well-applauded tenderness to Lear?
Who else can speak so very, very fine,
That sense may kindly end with every line?
Some dozen lines before the ghost is there,
Behold him for the solemn scene prepare!
See how he frames his eyes, poises each limb,
Puts the whole body into proper trim:—
From whence we learn, with no great stretch of art,
Five lines hence comes a ghost, and, ha! a start.
When he appears most perfect, still we find
Something which jars upon and hurts the mind:
Whatever lights upon a part are thrown,
We see too plainly they are not his own:
No flame from Nature ever yet he caught,
Nor knew a feeling which he was not taught:
He rais'd his trophies on the base of art,
And con'd his passions, as he con'd his part.
Quin [70] from afar, lur'd by the scent of fame,
A stage leviathan, put in his claim,

[70] James Quin was born in London in 1693; he was intended for the law, but studied Shakspeare more than the statutes, and displayed his theatric powers at Mr. Rich's theatre, in the character of Falstaff, which was played nineteen times in the same season. He continued to be for many years the unrivalled representative of the humorous knight, no one having approached his excellence in that part except Mr. Henderson. His last performance of that arduous character took place on March 19, 1753; after which he retired to Bath, where he died in 1766. The bon-mots and repartees attributed to him would swell a volume.

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Pupil of Betterton and Booth [71]. Alone,
Sullen he walk'd, and deem'd the chair his own:
For how should moderns, mushrooms of the day,
Who ne'er those masters knew, know how to play?
Gray-bearded veterans, who, with partial tongue
Extol the times when they themselves were young;
Who, having lost all relish for the stage,
See not their own defects, but lash the age,
Receiv'd, with joyful murmurs of applause,
Their darling chief, and lin'd his favourite cause.
Far be it from the candid Muse to tread
Insulting o'er the ashes of the dead,
But, just to living merit, she maintains,
And dares the test, whilst Garrick's genius reigns,
Ancients, in vain, endeavour to excel,
Happily prais'd, if they could act as well.
But, though prescription's force we disallow,
Nor to antiquity submissive bow;
Though we deny imaginary grace,
Founded on accidents of time and place;
Yet real worth of every growth shall bear
Due praise, nor must we, Quin, foget thee there.
His words bore sterling weight: nervous and strong,
In manly tides of sense they roll'd along:
Happy in art, he chiefly had pretence
To keep up numbers, yet not forfeit sense;
No actor ever greater heights could reach
In all the labour'd artifice of speech.
Speech! is that all?—And shall an actor found
An universal fame on partial ground?

[71] Betterton and Booth were tragedians of the highest reputation, and flourished towards the conclusion of the 17th and commencement of the 18th centuries.

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Parrots themselves speak properly by rote,
And, in six months, my dog shall howl by note.
I laugh at those, who, when the stage they tread,
Neglect the heart, to compliment the head;
With strict propriety their care's confin'd
To weigh out words, while passion halts behind:
To syllable-dissectors they appeal,
Allow them accent, cadence,—fools may feel;
But spite of all the criticising elves,
Those who would make us feel, must feel themselves.

His eyes, in gloomy socket taught to roll,
Proclaim'd the sullen habit of his soul:
Heavy and phlegmatic he trod the stage,
Too proud for tenderness, too dull for rage.
When Hector's lovely widow [72] shines in tears,
Or Rowe's gay rake dependent virtue jeers,
With the same cast of features he is seen
To chide the libertine, and court the queen.
From the tame scene, which without passion flows,
With just desert his reputation rose;
Nor less he pleas'd, when on some surly plan
He was at once the actor and the man.

In Brute [73] he shone, unequall'd: all agree
Garrick's not half so great a brute as he.
When Cato's labour'd scenes are brought to view,
With equal praise the actor labour'd too;
For still you'll find, trace passions to their root,
Small difference 'twixt the stoic and the Brute.
In fancied scenes, as in life's real plan,
He could not, for a moment, sink the man.

[72] Andromache, in Ambrose Philips's tragedy of The Distrest Mother.
[73] In Vanburgh's Provok'd Wife.

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In whate'er cast his character was laid,
Self still, like oil, upon the surface play'd.
Nature, in spite of all his skill, crept in:
Horatio, Dorax, [74] Falstaff,—still 'twas Quin.
Next follows Sheridan [75];—a doubtful name,
As yet unsettled in the rank of fame:
This, fondly lavish in his praises grown,
Gives him all merit: that, allows him none;
Between them both, we'll steer the middle course,
Nor, loving praise, rob Judgment of her force.
Just his conceptions, natural and great,
His feelings strong, his words enforc'd with weight.
Was speech-fam'd Quin himself to hear him speak,
Envy would drive the colour from his cheek;
But stepdame Nature, niggard of her grace,
Denied the social powers of voice and face.
Fix'd in one frame of features, glare of eye,
Passions, like chaos, in confusion lie:
In vain the wonders of his skill are tried
To form distinctions, Nature hath denied.
His voice no touch of harmony admits,
Irregularly deep, and shrill by fits;

[74] In Dryden's Don Sebastian.

[75] Thomas Sheridan, the son of Dean Swift's friend Dan, was born at Quilca in Ireland, in 1721. After a classical education, he in 1743 appeared on the stage in Dublin, and acquired considerable eminence as a tragedian, particularly in the character of Cato. He was engaged during one season at Covent-Garden. In 1756 he revisited Ireland, quitted the stage, commenced lecturer on elocution, and was honoured by the university of Dublin with the degree of M. A. At the accession of his present Majesty a pension was granted to him, and in 1763 he read a course of oratorical lectures in the universities of Oxford and Cambridge. In 1778 he compiled a Dictionary of the English language with respect chiefly to its orthoepy. He also published a life of Swift in 1784, and died in 1788.

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The two extremes appear like man and wife,
Coupled together for the sake of strife.
His action's always strong, but sometimes such,
That candour must declare he acts too much.
Why must impatience fall three paces back?
Why paces three, return to the attack?
Why is the right leg, too, forbid to stir,
Unless in motion semicircular?
Why must the hero with the Nailor vie,
And hurl the close-clench'd fist at nose or eye?
In royal John, with Philip angry grown,
I thought he would have knock'd poor Davies down.
Inhuman tyrant! was it not a shame
To fright a king so harmless and so tame!
But, spite of all defects, his glories rise,
And art, by judgment form'd, with nature vies.
Behold him sound the depth of Hubert's soul,
Whilst, in his own, contending passions roll;
View the whole scene, with critic judgment scan,
And then deny him merit if you can.
Where he falls short, 'tis Nature's fault alone;
Where he succeeds, the merit's all his own.
Last Garrick [76] came.—Behind him throng a train
Of snarling critic's, ignorant as vain.

[76] David Garrick was the son of Peter Garrick of Lichfield, a captain in the army. He was born in 1761. In 1737 he with his townsman and instructor Dr. Sam. Johnson came to London to seek his fortune. In 1741, he determined to make trial of his theatrical qualifications at the playhouse in Goodman's Fields, under the direction of Mr. Giffard. The part he chose for his first appearance was that of Richard the Third; and this soon established his reputation as the first actor of his own or any former age. At Goodman's Fields Mr. Garrick remained but one season, after which he removed to Drury-Lane, where he continued till Fleetwood's mismanagement and want of prudence brought that theatre to the brink of ruin. In the summer of 1742, he went to perform in Ireland, and was regarded as a prodigy. Rich of

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One finds out,—' He's of stature somewhat low—
Your hero always should be tall, you know;—
True natural greatness all consists in height.'
Produce your voucher, critic :—' Serjeant Kyte.'[77]
Another can't forgive the paltry arts
By which he makes his way to shallow hearts ;
Mere pieces of finesse, traps for applause.—
' Avaunt ! unnatural start, affected pause.'
For me, by Nature form'd to judge with phlegm,
I can't acquit by wholesale, nor condemn.
The best things carried to excess are wrong ;
The start may be too frequent, pause too long;
But, only us'd in proper time and place,
Severest judgment must allow them grace.

Covent Garden next engaged Garrick in his service; but Rich refusing him an adequate share in the profits, he closed with Lacy who was now the sole proprietor of the theatre in Drury Lane, for a moiety of the patent at 8000*l*. which sum by a strict attention to economy he had accumulated. This transaction took place in 1747, and his joint management with Lacy continued with uninterrupted unanimity, and consequent success, until the death of the latter in 1773. The whole management then devolved on the survivor, till the year 1776; when Mr. Garrick, at a period when his powers had suffered little injury from time, and in the height of his fame, determined to retire to the enjoyment of a large fortune, acquired in the service of the public. His last appearance was in the character of Don Felix, in the Wonder, acted 10th June, 1776, for a charitable benefit. He was received with rapture by a crowded audience, and dismissed with plaudits mingled with tears. The obligations which the public are under to him for the decency and propriety of our present dramatic performances will ever entitle him to the grateful respect of this country, independent of his transcendent merit as an actor, or of his abilities as an author. He died on the 20th of January, 1779, and his remains were interred with every public testimony of respect and regard.

[77] In Farquhar's Recruiting Officer.

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If bunglers, form'd on Imitation's plan,
Just in the way that monkies mimic man,
Their copied scene with mangled arts disgrace,
And pause and start with the same vacant face,
We join the critic laugh; those tricks we scorn
Which spoil the scenes they mean them to adorn;
But when, from Nature's pure and genuine source,
These strokes of acting flow with generous force,
When in the features all the soul's pourtray'd,
And passions, such as Garrick's, are display'd,
To me they seem from quickest feelings caught,
Each start is nature, and each pause is thought.

When reason yields to passion's wild alarms,
And the whole state of man is up in arms,
What but a critic, could condemn the play'r
For pausing here, when cool sense pauses there?
Whilst, working from the heart, the fire I trace,
And mark it strongly flaming to the face;
Whilst in each sound I hear the very man,
I can't catch words, and pity those who can.

Let wits, like spiders, from the tortur'd brain
Fine-draw the critic-web with curious pain;
The Gods—a kindness I with thanks must pay—
Have form'd me of a coarser kind of clay;
Nor stung with envy, nor with spleen diseas'd,
A poor dull creature, still with Nature pleas'd:
Hence to thy praises, Garrick, I agree,
And, pleas'd with Nature, must be pleas'd with thee.

Now might I tell, how silence reign'd throughout,
And deep attention hush'd the rabble rout;
How every claimant, tortur'd with desire,
Was pale as ashes, or as red as fire;
But, loose to fame, the Muse more simply acts,
Rejects all flourish, and relates mere facts.

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The judges, as the several parties came,
With temper heard, with judgment weigh'd each claim,
And, in their sentence happily agreed,
In name of both, great Shakspeare thus decreed:
'If manly sense, if nature link'd with art;
If thorough knowledge of the human heart;
If powers of acting vast and unconfin'd;
If fewest faults with greatest beauties join'd;
If strong expression, and strange powers which lie
Within the magic circle of the eye;
If feelings which few hearts, like his, can know,
And which no face so well as his can show,
Deserve the preference;—Garrick! take the chair;
Nor quit it—till thou place an equal there.'

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THE APOLOGY.

ADDRESSED TO

THE CRITICAL REVIEWERS[1].

Tristitiam et Metus.
HOR.

LAUGHS not the heart, when giants, big with pride,
Assume the pompous port, the martial stride;
O'er arm Herculean heave the' enormous shield,
Vast as a weaver's beam the javelin wield;
With the loud voice of thundering Jove defy
And dare to single combat—What?—A fly.
And laugh we less, when giant names, which shine
Establish'd, as it were, by right divine,
Critics, whom every captive art adores,
To whom glad Science pours forth all her stores;
Who high in letter'd reputation sit,
And hold, Astræa like, the scales of wit,
With partial rage rush forth,—Oh! shame to tell!
To crush a bard just bursting from the shell?
Great are his perils in this stormy time
Who rashly ventures on a sea of rhyme:

[1] In the Critical Review for May, 1761, the month when this poem was published, its author was opprobriously designated to be one 'Churchill, who it seems is a clergyman.'

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Around vast surges roll, winds envious blow,
And jealous rocks and quicksands lurk below:
Greatly his foes he dreads, but more his friends;
He hurts me most who lavishly commends.
Look through the world—in every other trade
The same employment's cause of kindness made,
At least appearance of good-will creates,
And every fool puffs off the fool he hates:
Coblers with coblers smoke away the night,
And in the common cause e'en players unite:
Authors alone, with more than savage rage,
Unnatural war with brother-authors wage.
The pride of Nature would as soon admit
Competitors in empire as in wit:
Onward they rush at Fame's imperious call,
And, less than greatest, would not be at all.
Smit with the love of honour—or the pence—
O'errun with wit, and destitute of sense,
Should any novice in the rhyming trade
With lawless pen the realms of verse invade,
Forth from the court, where scepter'd sages sit,
Abus'd with praise, and flatter'd into wit,
Where in lethargic majesty they reign,
And what they won by dulness still maintain,
Legions of factious authors throng at once,
Fool beckons fool, and dunce awakens dunce.
To Hamilton's the ready lies repair,—
Ne'er was lie made which was not welcome there—
Thence on maturer judgment's anvil wrought,
The polish'd falsehood's into public brought.
Quick-circulating slanders mirth afford;
And reputation bleeds in every word.
A critic was of old a glorious name,
Whose sanction handed merit up to fame:

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Beauties as well as faults he brought to view;
His judgment great, and great his candour too;
No servile rules drew sickly taste aside;
Secure he walk'd, for Nature was his guide.
But now, oh! strange reverse! our critics bawl
In praise of candour with a heart of gall;
Conscious of guilt, and fearful of the light,
They lurk enshrouded in the veil of night;
Safe from detection, seize the' unwary prey,
And stab, like bravoes, all who come that way.
When first my Muse, perhaps more bold than wise,
Bade the rude trifle into light arise,
Little she thought such tempests would ensue,
Less, that those tempests would be rais'd by you.
The thunder's fury rends the towering oak,
Rosciads, like shrubs, might 'scape the fatal stroke.
Vain thought! a critic's fury knows no bound;
Drawcansir like, he deals destruction round;
Nor can we hope he [2] will a stranger spare
Who gives no quarter to his friend Voltaire.
Unhappy genius [3]! plac'd by partial Fate
With a free spirit in a slavish state;
Where the reluctant Muse, oppress'd by kings,
Or droops in silence, or in fetters sings.
In vain thy dauntless fortitude hath borne
The bigot's furious zeal, and tyrant's scorn.
Why didst thou safe from home-bred dangers steer,
Reserv'd to perish more ignobly here?
Thus, when, the Julian tyrant's pride to swell,
Rome with her Pompey at Pharsalia fell,

[2] Dr. Smollett.

[3] Churchill little suspected that the subject of this animated panegyric was a compound of all the vices that caprice can engender upon vanity.

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The vanquish'd chief escap'd from Cæsar's hand,
To die by ruffians in a foreign land,
How could these self-elected monarchs raise
So large an empire on so small a base?
In what retreat, inglorious and unknown,
Did Genius sleep, when Dulness seiz'd the throne?
Whence, absolute now grown, and free from awe,
She to the subject world dispenses law.
Without her licence, not a letter stirs,
And all the captive criss-cross-row is her's.
The Stagyrite, who rules from Nature drew,
Opinions gave, but gave his reasons too.
Our great Dictators take a shorter way—
Who shall dispute what the Reviewers say?
Their word's sufficient: and to ask a reason,
In such a state as their's, is downright treason.
True judgment now with them alone can dwell;
Like Church of Rome, they're grown infallible.
Dull superstitious readers they deceive,
Who pin their easy faith on critic's sleeve,
And, knowing nothing, every thing believe!
But why repine we, that these puny elves
Shoot into giants?—we may thank ourselves:
Fools that we are, like Israel's fools of yore,
The calf ourselves have fashion'd, we adore.
But let true reason once resume her reign,
This god shall dwindle to a calf again.
Founded on arts which shun the face of day,
By the same arts they still maintain their sway.
Wrap'd in mysterious secresy they rise,
And, as they are unknown, are safe and wise.
At whomsoever aim'd, howe'er severe,
The' envenom'd slander flies, no names appear:

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Prudence forbid that step;—then all might know,
And on more equal terms engage the foe,
But now, what Quixote of the age would care
To wage a war with dirt, and fight with air!
By interest join'd, the' expert confederates stand,
And play the game into each other's hand:
The vile abuse, in turn by all denied,
Is bandied up and down from side to side:
It flies—hey!—presto!—like a juggler's ball,
Till it belongs to nobody at all.

All men and things they know, themselves unknown,
And publish every name——except their own.
Nor think this strange—secure from vulgar eyes,
The nameless author passes in disguise;
But veteran critics are not so deceiv'd,
If veteran critics are to be believ'd.
Once seen, they know an author evermore,
Nay, swear to hands they never saw before.
Thus in the Rosciad, beyond chance or doubt,
They by the writing found the writers out:—
'That's Lloyd's—his manner there you plainly trace,
And all the "Actor" stares you in the face.
By Colman that was written—on my life;
The strongest symptoms of the "Jealous Wife!"
That little disingenuous piece of spite,
Churchill, a wretch unknown! perhaps might write.'
How doth it make judicious readers smile,
When authors are detected by their style,
Though every one, who knows this author, knows
He shifts his style much oftner than his clothes?

Whence could arise this mighty critic-spleen,
The Muse a trifler, and her theme so mean?
What had I done, that angry Heaven should send
The bitterest foe where most I wish'd a friend?

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Oft hath my tongue been wanton at thy name,
And hail'd the honours of thy matchless fame.
For me let hoary Fielding bite the ground,
So nobler Pickle stands superbly bound!
From Livy's temples tear the' historic crown,
Which with more justice blooms upon thine own.
Compar'd with thee, be all life-writers dumb,
But he who wrote the Life of Tommy Thumb.
Who ever read the Regicide, but swore
The author wrote as man ne'er wrote before?
Others for plots and under-plots may call,
Here's the right method—have no plot at all [4].
Who can so often in his cause engage
The tiny pathos of the Grecian stage,
Whilst horrors rise, and tears spontaneous flow,
At tragic Ha! and no less tragic Oh!
To praise his nervous weakness all agree,
And then for sweetness who so sweet as he!
Too big for utterance when sorrows swell,
The too big sorrows flowing tears must tell;
But when those flowing tears shall cease to flow,
Why—then the voice must speak again, you know.
Rude and unskilful in the poet's trade,
I kept no Naïads by me ready made;
Ne'er did I colours high in air advance,
Torn from the bleeding fopperies of France;
No flimsy linsey-woolsey scenes I wrote,
With patches here and there, like Joseph's coat:
Me humbler themes befit: secure, for me,
Let playwrights smuggle nonsense duty free;

[4] Early in life Dr. Smollett wrote a tragedy, entitled, the Regicide, (founded on the story of the assassination of James the First of Scotland) which with all his interest he could never get represented on the stage; but he published it by subscription.

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Secure, for me, ye lambs, ye lambkin's! bound,
And frisk and frolic o'er the fairy ground:
Secure, for me, thou pretty little fawn!
Lick Sylvia's hand, and crop the flowery lawn;
Uncensur'd let the gentle breezes rove
Through the green umbrage of the' enchanted grove:
Secure, for me, let foppish Nature smile,
And play the coxcomb in the Desert Isle [5].

The stage I choose—a subject fair and free—
'Tis yours—'tis mine—'tis public property,
All common exhibitions open lie
For praise or censure to the common eye.
Hence are a thousand hackney writers fed;
Hence Monthly Critics earn their daily bread.
This is a general tax which all must pay,
From those who scribble, down to those who play.
Actors, a venal crew, receive support
From public bounty for the public sport.
To clap or hiss all have an equal claim,
The cobler's and his lordship's right the same.
All join for their subsistence; all expect
Free leave to praise their worth, their faults correct.
When active Pickle Smithfield stage ascends,
The three day's wonder of his laughing friends,
Each, or as judgment or as fancy guides,
The lively witling praises or derides.
And where's the mighty difference, tell me where,
Betwixt a Merry Andrew and a play'r?

[5] The Desert Island, a dramatic tale in three acts, by A. Murphy, 1760, borrowed from a drama of Metastasio, entitled, L'Isola disabitata. This pastoral medley suited not the public taste, and has never since been represented on the stage. Murphy, in revenge for the treatment he had received in the Rosciad, wrote a contemptible satire, called 'An Ode to the Naiads of Fleet-ditch.'

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The strolling tribe, a despicable race!
Like wandering Arabs, shift from place to place.
Vagrants by law, to justice open laid,
They tremble, of the beadle's lash afraid,
And, fawning, cringe for wretched means of life
To Madam Mayoress, or his Worship's wife.
The mighty monarch, in theatric sack,
Carries his whole regalia at his back;
His royal consort heads the female band,
And leads the heir apparent in her hand;
The pannier'd ass creeps on with conscious pride,
Bearing a future prince on either side.
No choice musicians in this troop are found,
To varnish nonsense with the charms of sound;
No swords, no daggers, not one poison'd bowl;
No lightning flashes here, no thunder's roll;
No guards to swell the monarch's train are shown;
The monarch here must be a host alone:
No solemn pomp, no slow processions here;
No Ammon's entry, and no Juliet's bier.
By need compell'd to prostitute his art,
The varied actor flies from part to part;
And, strange disgrace to all theatric pride!
His character is shifted with his side.
Question and answer he by turns must be,
Like that small wit[6] in Modern Tragedy,
Who, to patch up his fame—or fill his purse—
Still pilfers wretched plans, and makes them worse;
Like gipsies, lest the stolen brat be known,
Defacing first, then claiming for his own.
In shabby state they strut, and tatter'd robe,
The scene a blanket, and a barn the globe:

[6] Arthur Murphy.

No high conceits their moderate wishes raise,
Content with humble profit, humble praise.
Let dowdies simper, and let bumpkins stare,
The strolling pageant hero treads in air:
Pleas'd for his hour, he to mankind gives law,
And snores the next out on a truss of straw.

But if kind Fortune, who sometimes we know
Can take a hero from a puppet show,
In mood propitious should her favourite call,
On royal stage in royal pomp to bawl,
Forgetful of himself he rears the head,
And scorns the dunghill where he first was bred.
Conversing now with well-dress'd kings and queens,
With gods and goddesses behind the scenes,
He sweats beneath the terror-nodding plume,
Taught by mock honours real pride to' assume.
On this great stage, the world, no monarch e'er
Was half so haughty as a monarch-play'r.

Doth it more move our anger or our mirth
To see these things, the lowest sons of earth,
Presume, with self-sufficient knowledge grac'd,
To rule in letters, and preside in taste?
The town's decisions they no more admit,
Themselves alone the arbiters of wit;
And scorn the jurisdiction of that court
To which they owe their being and support.
Actors, like monks of old, now sacred grown,
Must be attack'd by no fools but their own.

Let the vain tyrant sit amidst his guards,
His puny green-room wits and venal bards,
Who meanly tremble at the puppet's frown,
And for a play-house freedom lose their own;
In spite of new-made laws, and new-made kings,
The free-born Muse with liberal spirit sings.

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Bow down, ye slaves! before these idols fall;
Let Genius stoop to them who've none at all:
Ne'er will I flatter, cringe, or bend the knee
To those who, slaves to all, are slaves to me.
Actors, as actors, are a lawful game,
The poet's right, and who shall bar his claim?
And if, o'erweening of their little skill,
When they have left the stage they're actors still;
If to the subject world they still give laws,
With paper crowns, and sceptres made of straws;
If they in cellar or in garret roar,
And kings one night, are kings for evermore;
Shall not bold Truth, ev'n there, pursue her theme,
And wake the coxcomb from his golden dream?
Or if, well worthy of a better fate,
They rise superior to their present state;
If, with each social virtue grac'd, they blend
The gay companion and the faithful friend;
If they, like Pritchard, join in private life
The tender parent and the virtuous wife;
Shall not our verse their praise with pleasure speak,
Though Mimics bark, and Envy split her cheek?
No honest worth's beneath the Muse's praise;
No greatness can above her censure raise;
Station and wealth to her are trifling things;
She stoops to actors, and she soars to kings.
Is there a man [7], in vice and folly bred,
To sense of honour as to virtue dead,
Whom ties nor human nor divine can bind,
Alien to God, and foe to all mankind;

[7] Dr. Smollett was personally acrimonious in the conduct of the Critical Review, and at the same time evinced a morbid sensibility when retaliated upon by any of the authors he had censured.

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Who spares no character? whose every word,
Bitter as gall, and sharper than the sword, [swell;
Cuts to the quick; whose thoughts with rancour
Whose tongue, on earth, performs the work of hell?
If there be such a monster, the Reviews
Shall find him holding forth against abuse:
'Attack profession!—'tis a deadly breach!—
The Christian laws another lesson teach:—
Unto the end shall charity endure,
And candour hide those faults it cannot cure.'
Thus Candour's maxims flow from Rancour's throat,
As devils, to serve their purpose, Scripture quote.
The Muse's office was by Heav'n design'd
To please, improve, instruct, reform mankind;
To make dejected Virtue nobly rise
Above the towering pitch of splendid Vice:
To make pale Vice, abash'd, her head hang down,
And, trembling, crouch at Virtue's awful frown.
Now arm'd with wrath, she bids eternal shame,
With strictest justice, brand the villain's name;
Now in the milder garb of Ridicule
She sports, and pleases while she wounds the fool.
Her shape is often varied; but her aim,
To prop the cause of Virtue, still the same,
In praise of mercy let the guilty bawl;
When Vice and Folly for correction call,
Silence the mark of weakness justly bears,
And is partaker of the crimes it spares.
But if the Muse, too cruel in her mirth,
With harsh reflections wounds the man of worth[8];

[8] Churchill, very creditably to his moral feeling, is said by Mr. Tooke to have blotted out several lines, which, in the first edition of the Rosciad, were of a nature personally injurious to the character of Mr. Palmer.

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If wantonly she deviates from her plan,
And quits the actor to expose the man;
Asham'd, she marks that passage with a blot,
And hates the line where candour was forgot.
But what is candour, what is humour's vein,
Though judgment join to consecrate the strain,
If curious numbers will not aid afford,
Nor choicest music play in every word:
Verses must run, to charm a modern ear,
From all harsh rugged interruptions clear.
Soft let them breathe, as zephyr's balmy breeze,
Smooth let their current flow, as summer seas:
Perfect then only deem'd, when they dispense
A happy tuneful vacancy of sense.
Italian fathers thus, with barbarous rage,
Fit helpless infants for the squeaking stage:
Deaf to the calls of pity, Nature wound,
And mangle vigour for the sake of sound.
Henceforth farewell then, feverish thirst of fame:
Farewell the longings for a poet's name;
Perish my Muse—a wish 'bove all severe
To him who ever held the Muses dear—
If e'er her labours weaken to refine
The generous roughness of a nervous line.
Others affect the stiff and swelling phrase:
Their Muse must walk in stilts, and strut in stays:
The sense they murder, and the words transpose,
Lest poetry approach too near to prose.
See tortur'd Reason how they pare and trim,
And, like Procrustes, stretch or lop the limb.
Waller, whose praise succeeding bards rehearse,
Parent of harmony in English verse,
Whose tuneful Muse in sweetest accents flows,
In couplets first taught straggling sense to close.

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In polish'd numbers and majestic sound,
Where shall thy rival, Pope! be ever found?
But whilst each line with equal beauty flows,
Ev'n excellence, unvaried, tedious grows.
Nature, through all her works, in great degree,
Borrows a blessing from variety.
Music itself her needful aid requires
To rouse the soul, and wake our dying fires.
Still in one key, the nightingale would tease:
Still in one key, not Brent would always please.
Here let me bend, great Dryden, at thy shrine,
Thou dearest name to all the tuneful Nine.
What if some dull lines in cold order creep,
And with his theme the poet seems to sleep?
Still, when his subject rises proud to view,
With equal strength the poet rises too:
With strong invention, noblest vigour fraught,
Thought still springs up and rises out of thought;
Numbers ennobling numbers in their course,
In varied sweetness flow, in varied force;
The powers of genius and of judgment join,
And the whole Art of Poetry is thine.
But what are numbers, what are bards, to me,
Forbid to tread the paths of poesy?
'A sacred Muse should consecrate her pen;
Priests must not hear nor see like other men;
Far higher themes should her ambition claim:
Behold where Sternhold points the way to fame.'
Whilst with mistaken zeal dull bigots burn,
Let Reason for a moment take her turn.
When coffee-sages hold discourse with kings,
And blindly walk in paper leading-strings,
What if a man delight to pass his time
In spinning reason into harmless rhyme,

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Or sometimes boldly venture to the Play?
Say, where's the crime?—great man of prudence, say?
No two on earth in all things can agree;
All have some darling singularity:
Women and men, as well as girls and boys,
In gew-gaws take delight, and sigh for toys.
Your sceptres and your crowns, and such like things,
Are but a better kind of toys for kings.
In things indifferent Reason bids us choose,
Whether the whim's a monkey or a Muse.
What the gay triflers on this busy scene,
When they make use of this word Reason, mean,
I know not; but, according to my plan,
'Tis Lord-Chief-Justice in the court of man,
Equally form'd to rule in age or youth,
The friend of Virtue, and the guide to truth.
To her I bow, whose sacred power I feel:
To her decision make my last appeal;
Condemn'd by her, applauding worlds in vain
Should tempt me to take up the pen again:
By her absolv'd, my course I'll still pursue:
If Reason's for me, GOD is for me too.

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NIGHT[1].

AN

EPISTLE TO ROBERT LLOYD.

Contrarius evehor orbi.
OVID. Met. Lib. ii.

When foes insult, and prudent friends dispense
In pity's strains, the worst of insolence,
Oft with thee, Lloyd, I steal an hour from grief,
And in thy social converse find relief.
The mind, of solitude impatient grown,
Loves any sorrows rather than her own.
Let slaves to business, bodies without soul,
Important blanks in Nature's mighty roll,
Solemnize nonsense in the day's broad glare;
We Night prefer, which heals or hides our care.
Rogues justified, and by success made bold,
Dull fools and coxcombs sanctified by gold,

[1] This poem was published in October 1761, and must be considered in the light of a familiar address to an intimate friend. The title of the poem may probably have been suggested by Dr. Armstrong's 'Day, an Epistle to J. Wilkes of Aylesbury, Esq.' then lately published. In this epistle Dr. Armstrong ventured to censure Churchill, who expressed much resentment at the attack, and would never be reconciled with the author of it.

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Freely may bask in Fortune's partial ray,
And spread their feathers opening to the day;
But threadbare Merit dares not show the head,
Till vain Prosperity retires to bed.
Misfortunes, like the owl, avoid the light;
The sons of Care are always sons of Night.

The wretch bred up in method's drowsy school,
Whose only merit is to err by rule,
Who ne'er through heat of blood was tripping caught,
Nor guilty deem'd of one eccentric thought;
Whose soul directed to no use is seen,
Unless to move the body's dull machine,
Which, clock-work like, with the same equal pace,
Still travels on through life's insipid space,
Turns up his eyes to think that there should be,
Among God's creatures, two such things as we;
Then for his nightcap calls, and thanks the pow'rs
Which kindly gave him grace to keep good hours.

Good hours—fine words—but was it ever seen
That all men could agree in what they mean?
Florio, who many years a course hath run
In downright opposition to the sun,
Expatiates on good hours, their cause defends
With as much vigour as our prudent friends.
The' uncertain term no settled notion brings,
But still in different mouths means different things;
Each takes the phrase in his own private view;
With Prudence it is *ten*, with Florio *two*.

Go on, ye fools, who talk for talking sake,
Without distinguishing, distinctions make;
Shine forth in native folly, native pride,
Make yourselves rules to all the world beside;
Reason, collected in herself, disdains
The slavish yoke of arbitrary chains;

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Steady and true, each circumstance she weighs,
Nor to bare words inglorious tribute pays.
Men of sense live exempt from vulgar awe,
And Reason to herself alone is law:
That freedom she enjoys with liberal mind,
Which she as freely grants to all mankind.
No idol-titled name her reverence stirs,
No hour she blindly to the rest prefers;
All are alike, if they're alike employ'd,
And all are good if virtuously enjoy'd.

Let the sage Doctor (think him one we know)
With scraps of ancient learning overflow,
In all the dignity of wig declare
The fatal consequence of midnight air;
How damps and vapours, as it were by stealth,
Undermine life, and sap the walls of health:
For me let Galen moulder on the shelf,
I'll live, and be physician to myself.
Whilst soul is join'd to body, whether fate
Allot a longer or a shorter date,
I'll make them live, as brother should with brother,
And keep them in good humour with each other.

The surest road to health, say what they will,
Is never to suppose we shall be ill.
Most of those evils we poor mortals know,
From doctors and imagination flow.
Hence to old women with your boasted rules,
Stale traps, and only sacred now to fools;
As well may sons of physic hope to find
One med'cine, as one hour, for all mankind.

If Rupert after ten is out of bed,
The fool next morning can't hold up his head;
What reason this which me to bed must call,
Whose head, thank Heaven, never aches at all?

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In different courses different tempers run ;
He hates the moon, I sicken at the sun.
Wound up at twelve at noon, his clock goes right,
Mine better goes, wound up at twelve at night.
Then in oblivion's grateful cup I drown
The galling sneer, the supercilious frown,
The strange reserve, the proud affected state
Of upstart knaves grown rich, and fools grown great.
No more that abject wretch disturbs my rest,
Who meanly overlooks a friend distress'd :
Purblind to poverty the worldling goes,
And scarce sees rags an inch beyond his nose,
But from a crowd can single out his grace,
And cringe and creep to fools who strut in lace.
Whether those classic regions are survey'd
Where we in earliest youth together stray'd,
Where hand in hand we trod the flowery shore,
Though now thy happier genius runs before,
When we conspir'd a thankless wretch to raise,
And taught a stump to shoot with pilfer'd praise,
Who once for reverend merit famous grown,
Gratefully strove to kick his maker down ;
Or if more general arguments engage,
The court or camp, the pulpit, bar, or stage ;
If half-bred surgeons, whom men Doctors call,
And lawyers, who were never bred at all,
Those mighty letter'd monsters of the earth,
Our pity move, or exercise our mirth ;
Or if in tittle-tattle, tooth-pick way,
Our rambling thoughts with easy freedom stray,
A gainer still thy friend himself must find,
His grief suspended, and improv'd his mind.
Whilst peaceful slumbers bless the homely bed
Where Virtue, self-approv'd, reclines her head,

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Whilst voice beneath imagin'd horrors mourns,
And conscience plants the villain's couch with thorns,
Impatient of restraint, the active mind,
No more by servile prejudice confin'd,
Leaps from her seat, as waken'd from a trance,
And darts through Nature at a single glance;
Then we our friends, our foes, ourselves survey,
And see by Night what fools we are by day.

Stripp'd of her gaudy plumes and vain disguise,
See where Ambition mean and loathsome lies;
Reflection with relentless hand pulls down
The tyrant's bloody wreath and ravish'd crown.
In vain he tells of battles bravely won,
Of nations conquer'd, and of worlds undone;
Triumphs like these but ill with manhood suit,
And sink the conqueror beneath the brute.
But if, in searching round the world, we find
Some generous youth, the friend of all mankind,
Whose anger, like the bolt of Jove, is sped
In terrors only at the guilty head:
Whose mercies, like Heaven's dew, refreshing fall
In general love and charity to all;
Pleas'd, we behold such worth on any throne,
And, doubly pleas'd, we find it on our own.

Through a false medium things are shown by day;
Pomp, wealth, and titles, judgment lead astray.
How many from appearance borrow state,
Whom Night disdains to number with the great!
Must not we laugh to see yon lordling proud,
Snuff up vile incense from a fawning crowd?
Whilst in his beam surrounding clients play,
Like insects in the sun's enlivening ray,
Whilst, Jehu like, he drives at furious rate,
And seems the only charioteer of state,

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Talking himself into a little god,
And ruling empires with a single nod;
Who would not think, to hear him law dispense,
That he had interest, and that they had sense?
Injurious thought! beneath Night's honest shade,
When pomp is buried, and false colours fade,
Plainly we see, at that impartial hour,
Them dupes to pride, and him the tool of pow'r.
God help the man, condemn'd by cruel fate
To court the seeming, or the real great!
Much sorrow shall he feel, and suffer more
Than any slave who labours at the oar:
By slavish methods must he learn to please,
By smooth-tongu'd flattery, that curs'd court-dis-
Supple to every wayward mood strike sail, [ease;
And shift with shifting humour's peevish gale.
To nature dead he must adopt vile art,
And wear a smile, with anguish in his heart.
A sense of honour would destroy his schemes,
And Conscience ne'er must speak, unless in dreams.
When he hath tamely borne, for many years,
Cold looks, forbidding frowns, contemptuous sneers,
When he at last expects, good easy man!
To reap the profits of his labour'd plan,
Some cringing lackey, or rapacious whore,
To favours of the great the surest door,
Some catamite, or pimp, in credit grown,
Who tempts another's wife, or sells his own,
Steps cross his hopes, the promis'd boon denies,
And for some minion's minion claims the prize.
Foe to restraint, unpractis'd in deceit,
Too resolute, from nature's active heat,
To brook affronts, and tamely pass them by;
Too proud to flatter, too sincere to lie;

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Too plain to please, too honest to be great;
Give me, kind Heaven, an humbler, happier state;
Far from the place where men with pride deceive,
Where rascals promise, and where fools believe;
Far from the walk of folly, vice, and strife,
Calm, independent, let me steal through life,
Nor one vain wish my steady thoughts beguile,
To fear his lordship's frown, or court his smile.
Unfit for greatness, I her snares defy,
And look on riches with untainted eye:
To others let the glittering bawbles fall,
Content shall place us far above them all.

Spectators only on this bustling stage,
We see what vain designs mankind engage;
Vice after vice with ardour they pursue,
And one old folly brings forth twenty new.
Perplex'd with trifles through the vale of life,
Man strives 'gainst man, without a cause for strife;
Armies embattled meet, and thousands bleed
For some vile spot, where fifty cannot feed.
Squirrels for nuts contend, and, wrong or right,
For the world's empire kings ambitious fight.
What odds?—to us 'tis all the self-same thing,
A nut, a world, a squirrel, and a king.

Britons, like Roman spirits fam'd of old,
Are cast by nature in a patriot mould;
No private joy, no private grief, they know,
Their souls engross'd by public weal or woe:
Inglorious ease, like ours, they greatly scorn;
Let care with nobler wreaths their brows adorn:
Gladly they toil beneath the statesman's pains,
Give them but credit for a statesman's brains:
All would be deem'd, ev'n from the cradle, fit
To rule in politics as well as wit:

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The grave, the gay, the fopling, and the dunce,
Start up (God bless us!) statesmen all at once.
His mighty charge of souls the priest forgets,
The court-bred lord, his promises and debts;
Soldiers their fame, misers forget their pelf,
The rake his mistress, and the fop himself;
Whilst thoughts of higher moment claim their care,
And their wise heads the weight of kingdoms bear.
Females themselves the glorious ardour feel,
And boast an equal or a greater zeal;
From nymph to nymph the state-infection flies,
Swells in her breast, and sparkles in her eyes.
O'erwhelm'd by politics, lie malice, pride,
Envy, and twenty other faults beside.
No more their little fluttering hearts confess
A passion for applause, or rage for dress;
No more they pant for public raree-shows,
Or lose one thought on monkies or on beaux:
Coquets no more pursue the jilting plan,
And lustful prudes forget to rail at man:
The darling theme Cecilia's self will choose,
Nor thinks of scandal whilst she talks of news.
The cit, a Common-Councilman by place,
Ten thousand mighty nothings in his face,
By situation as by nature great,
With nice precision parcels out the state;
Proves and disproves, affirms and then denies,
Objects himself, and to himself replies;
Wielding aloft the politician rod,
Makes Pitt by turns a devil and a god;
Maintains, ev'n to the very teeth of Pow'r,
The same thing right and wrong in half an hour:
Now all is well, now he suspects a plot,
And plainly proves, whatever is, is not;

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Fearfully wise, he shakes his empty head,
And deals out empires as he deals out thread;
His useless scales are in a corner flung,
And Europe's balance hangs upon his tongue.
Peace to such triflers; be our happier plan
To pass through life as easy as we can.
Who's in or out, who moves this grand machine,
Nor stirs my curiosity nor spleen.
Secrets of state no more I wish to know
Than secret movements of a puppet-show:
Let but the puppets move, I've my desire,
Unseen the hand which guides the master-wire.
What is't to us, if taxes rise or fall?
Thanks to our fortune, we pay none at all.
Let muckworms, who in dirty acres deal,
Lament those hardships which we cannot feel.
His Grace, who smarts, may bellow if he please,
But must I bellow too, who sit at ease?
By custom safe, the poet's numbers flow
Free as the light and air some years ago[2].
No statesman e'er will find it worth his pains
To tax our labours, and excise our brains.
Burdens like these, vile earthly buildings bear;
No tribute's laid on castles in the air.
Let then the flames of war destructive reign,
And England's terrors awe imperious Spain;
Let every venal clan and neutral tribe[3]
Learn to receive conditions, not prescribe;
Let each new-year call loud for new supplies,
And tax on tax with double burden rise;

[2] An additional tax on windows was then levied by Parliament.

[3] An allusion to some severe precautions adopted by government after the rebellion of 1746.

Exempt we sit, by no rude cares oppress'd,
And, having little, are with little bless'd.
All real ills in dark oblivion lie,
And joys, by fancy form'd, their place supply;
Night's laughing hours unheeded slip away,
Nor one dull thought foretells approach of day.
Thus have we liv'd, and whilst the fates afford
Plain plenty to supply the frugal board,
Whilst Mirth with Decency, his lovely bride,
And wine's gay god, with Temperance by his side,
Their welcome visit pay; whilst Health attends
The narrow circle of our chosen friends;
Whilst frank Good-humour consecrates the treat,
And woman makes society complete,
Thus will we live, though in our teeth are hurl'd
Those hackney strumpets, Prudence and the World.
Prudence, of old a sacred term, implied
Virtue, with godlike wisdom for her guide;
But now, in general use, is known to mean
The stalking-horse of vice, and folly's screen.
The sense perverted we retain the name;
Hypocrisy and Prudence are the same.
A tutor once, more read in men than books,
A kind of crafty knowledge in his looks,
Demurely sly, with high preferment bless'd,
His favourite pupil in these words address'd:
'Would'st thou, my son, be wise and virtuous
By all mankind a prodigy esteem'd? [deem'd,
Be this thy rule; be what men prudent call;
Prudence, almighty Prudence, gives thee all.
Keep up appearances; there lies the test;
The world will give thee credit for the rest.
Outward be fair, however foul within;
Sin if thou wilt, but then in secret sin.

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'Throw off, for shame! this petulance of wit;
Be wise, be modest, and for once submit:
Too hard the task 'gainst multitudes to fight;
You must be wrong; the World is in the right.'
What is this World?—a term which men have got
To signify, not one in ten knows what;
A term, which with no more precision passes
To point out herds of men than herds of asses;
In common use no more it means, we find,
Than many fools in same opinions join'd.
Can numbers then change nature's stated laws?
Can numbers make the worse the better cause?
Vice must be vice, virtue be virtue still,
Though thousands rail at good and practise ill.
Would'st thou defend the Gaul's destructive rage
Because vast nations on his part engage?
Though to support the rebel Cæsar's cause
Tumultuous legions arm against the laws;
Though Scandal would our patriot's name impeach,
And rails at virtues which she cannot reach;
What honest man but would with joy submit
To bleed with Cato, and retire with Pitt[5]?
Stedfast and true to Virtue's sacred laws,
Unmov'd by vulgar censure or applause,
Let the World talk, my friend; that World, we know,
Which calls us guilty, cannot make us so.

[4] Mr. Pitt, in Sept. 1761, indignant at the repeated insults offered to this country by Spain, proposed to the Cabinet an immediate rupture with that Court; in this proposition he was supported by Lord Temple, but was opposed by Lord Bute, and all the other members of the Cabinet: upon which Mr. Pitt and Lord Temple took their leaves, and their written advice on the subject being rejected by his Majesty, they resigned their seals of office into his hands on the 5th of October following.

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Unaw'd by numbers, follow Nature's plan;
Assert the rights, or quit the name of man.
Consider well, weigh strictly right and wrong;
Resolve not quick, but once resolv'd, be strong.
In spite of Dulness, and in spite of Wit,
If to thyself thou canst thyself acquit,
Rather stand up, assur'd with conscious pride,
Alone, than err with millions on thy side.

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AN

EPISTLE

TO

WILLIAM HOGARTH.

AMONGST the sons of men how few are known
Who dare be just to merit not their own!
Superior virtue and superior sense
To knaves and fools will always give offence;
Nay, men of real worth can scarcely bear,
So nice is jealousy, a rival there.
Be wicked as thou wilt; do all that's base;
Proclaim thyself the monster of thy race:
Let Vice and Folly thy black soul divide;
Be proud with meanness, and be mean with pride.
Deaf to the voice of Faith and Honour, fall
From side to side, yet be of none at all:
Spurn all those charities, those sacred ties,
Which Nature, in her bounty, good as wise,
To work our safety, and ensure her plan,
Contriv'd to bind, and rivet man to man:
Lift against Virtue Power's oppressive rod;
Betray thy country, and deny thy GOD;
And, in one general comprehensive line
To group, which volumes scarcely could define,

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Whate'er of sin and dullness can be said,
Join to a F—'s [1] heart a D———'s [2] head;
Yet may'st thou pass unnotic'd in the throng,
And, free from envy, safely sneak along:
The rigid saint, by whom no mercy's shown
To saints whose lives are better than his own,
Shall spare thy crimes; and Wit, who never once
Forgave a brother, shall forgive a dunce.
But should thy soul, form'd in some luckless hour,
Vile interest scorn, nor madly grasp at pow'r;
Should love of fame, in every noble mind
A brave disease, with love of virtue join'd,
Spur thee to deeds of pith, where courage, tried
In Reason's court, is amply justified:
Or, fond of knowledge, and averse to strife,
Should'st thou prefer the calmer walk of life;
Should'st thou, by pale and sickly study led,
Pursue coy Science to the fountain-head;
Virtue thy guide, and public good thy end,
Should every thought to our improvement tend,
To curb the passions, to enlarge the mind,
Purge the sick weal, and humanize mankind;
Rage in her eye, and malice in her breast,
Redoubled Horror grinning on her crest,
Fiercer each snake, and sharper every dart,
Quick from her cell shall maddening Envy start;
Then shalt thou find, but find, alas! too late,
How vain is worth! how short is glory's date!
Then shalt thou find, whilst friends with foes conspire
To give more proof than virtue would desire,

[1] This initial has been supposed to allude to Mr. Fox, afterwards Lord Holland.

[2] The public voice attributed this initial to Sir Francis Dashwood, afterwards Lord Le Despencer.

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Thy danger chiefly lies in acting well;
No crime's so great as daring to excel.
Whilst Satire thus, disdaining mean control,
Urg'd the free dictates of an honest soul,
Candour, who, with the charity of Paul,
Still thinks the best, whene'er she thinks at all,
With the sweet milk of human kindness bless'd,
The furious ardour of my zeal repress'd.
Canst thou, with more than usual warmth, she cried,
Thy malice to indulge, and feed thy pride;
Canst thou, severe by nature as thou art,
With all that wondrous rancour in thy heart,
Delight to torture truth ten thousand ways,
To spin detraction forth from themes of praise,
To make Vice sit, for purposes of strife,
And draw the bag much larger than the life,
To make the good seem bad, the bad seem worse,
And represent our nature as our curse?
Doth not humanity condemn that zeal
Which tends to aggravate and not to heal?
Doth not discretion warn thee of disgrace,
And danger, grinning, stare thee in the face,
Loud as the drum which, spreading terror round,
From emptiness acquires the power of sound?
Doth not the voice of Norton [3] strike thy ear,
And the pale Mansfield chill thy soul with fear?
Dost thou, fond man, believe thyself secure,
Because thou'rt honest, and because thou'rt poor?
Dost thou on law and liberty depend?
Turn, turn thy eyes, and view thy injur'd friend.

[3] Sir Fletcher Norton, Attorney-General, afterwards Speaker of the House of Commons, and lastly created a peer by the title of Lord Grantley.

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Art thou beyond the ruffian gripe of Pow'r,
When Wilkes, prejudg'd, is sentenc'd to the Tow'r?
Dost thou by privilege exemption claim,
When privilege is little more than name?
Or to prerogative, (that glorious ground
On which state-scoundrels oft have safety found)
Dost thou pretend, and there a sanction find,
Unpunish'd, thus to libel human kind?

When poverty, the poet's constant crime,
Compell'd thee, all unfit, to trade in rhyme,
Had not romantic notions turn'd thy head,
Hadst thou not valu'd honour more than bread;
Had Interest, pliant Interest, been thy guide,
And had not Prudence been debauch'd by Pride,
In Flattery's stream thou wouldst have dipp'd thy pen,
Applied to great and not to honest men,
Nor should conviction have seduc'd thy heart
To take the weaker though the better part.

What but rank folly, for thy curse decreed,
Could into Satire's barren path mislead,
When, open to thy view, before thee lay
Soul-soothing Panegyric's flowery way?
There might the Muse have saunter'd at her ease,
And, pleasing others, learn'd herself to please;
Lords should have listen'd to the sugar'd treat,
And ladies, simp'ring, own'd it vastly sweet;
Rogues, in thy prudent verse with virtue grac'd,
Fools mark'd by thee as prodigies of taste,
Must have forbid, pouring preferments down,
Such wit, such truth as thine to quit the gown.
Thy sacred brethren too (for they no less
Than laymen, bring their offerings to success)
Had hail'd thee good if great, and paid the vow
Sincere as that they pay to God, whilst thou

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In lawn hadst whisper'd to a sleeping crowd,
As dull as R———[4], and half as proud.
Peace, Candour—wisely hadst thou said, and well
Could Int'rest in this breast one moment dwell;
Could she, with prospect of success, oppose
The firm resolves which from conviction rose.
I cannot truckle to a fool of state,
Nor take a favour from the man I hate:
Free leave have others by such means to shine;
I scorn their practice; they may laugh at mine.
But in this charge, forgetful of thyself,
Thou hast assum'd the maxims of that elf
Whom God, in wrath, for man's dishonour fram'd,
Cunning in heaven, amongst us Prudence nam'd,
That servile prudence, which I leave to those
Who dare not be my friends, can't be my foes.
Had I, with cruel and oppressive rhymes,
Pursued, and turn'd misfortunes into crimes;
Had I, when Virtue gasping lay and low,
Join'd tyrant Vice, and added woe to woe;
Had I made Modesty in blushes speak,
And drawn the tear down beauty's sacred cheek;
Had I (damn'd then) in thought debas'd my lays,
To wound that sex which honour bids me praise;
Had I, from vengeance, by base views betray'd,
In endless night sunk injur'd Ayliff's[5] shade;

[4] See note [9] on the Prophecy of Famine, vol. iii.

[5] John Ayliff had been steward in the Ilchester family, but was promoted by Lord Holland to the situation of Commissary of the Musters. The emoluments of this office proving unequal to support his expenses, he had recourse to several nefarious practices; and for forging his patron's name to a valuable lease to himself, was executed at Tyburn in 1759.

Churchill was prevented by death from publishing a poem he had more than once advertised, entitled, 'Ayliff's Ghost.'

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Had I (which satirists of mighty name [6],
Renown'd in rhyme, rever'd for moral fame,
Have done before, whom justice shall pursue
In future verse) brought forth to public view
A noble friend, and made his foibles known,
Because his worth was greater than my own;
Had I spar'd those (so Prudence had decreed)
Whom, God so help me at my greatest need,
I ne'er will spare, those vipers to their king
Who smooth their looks, and flatter whilst they sting;
Or had I not taught patriot zeal to boast
Of those, who flatter least, but love him most;
Had I thus sinn'd, my stubborn soul should bend
At Candour's voice, and take, as from a friend,
The deep rebuke; myself should be the first
To hate myself, and stamp my Muse accurst.
But shall my arm—forbid it, manly pride,
Forbid it reason, warring on my side—
For vengeance lifted high, the stroke forbear,
And hang suspended in the desert air,
Or to my trembling side unnerv'd sink down,
Palsied, forsooth, by Candour's half-made frown?
When Justice bids me on, shall I delay,
Because insipid Candour bars my way?
When she, of all alike the puling friend,
Would disappoint my satire's noblest end;
When she to villains would a sanction give,
And shelter those who are not fit to live;
When she would screen the guilty from a blush,
And bids me spare whom Reason bids me crush;
All leagues with Candour proudly I resign;
She cannot be for Honour's turn, nor mine.

[6] A probable allusion to Pope's insidious attack on Addison, under the character of Atticus.

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Yet come, cold monitor! half foe, half friend,
Whom Vice can't fear, whom Virtue can't commend;
Come, Candour, by thy dull indifference known,
Thou equal-blooded judge, thou luke-warm drone,
Who, fashion'd without feelings, dost expect
We call that virtue which we know defect;
Come, and observe the nature of our crimes,
The gross and rank complexion of the times,
Observe it well, and then review my plan,
Praise if you will, or censure if you can.
Whilst Vice presumptuous lords it as in sport,
And Piety is only known at court;
Whilst wretched Liberty expiring lies
Beneath the fatal burden of Excise;
Whilst nobles act, without one touch of shame,
What men of humble rank would blush to name;
Whilst Honour's plac'd in highest point of view,
Worship'd by those, who justice never knew;
Whilst bubbles of distinction waste in play
The hours of rest, and blunder through the day;
With dice and cards opprobrious vigils keep,
Then turn to ruin empires in their sleep:
Whilst fathers, by relentless passion led,
Doom worthy injur'd sons [7] to beg their bread,
Merely with ill-got, ill-sav'd, wealth to grace,
An alien, abject, poor, proud, upstart race;
Whilst Martin [8] flatters only to betray,
And Webb [9] gives up his dirty soul for pay,

[7] Mr. Tooke has applied this allusion to Thomas Potter, Esq. one of Churchill's companions, and a man of splendid but misdirected talents, who was disinherited by his father, the Archbishop of Canterbury, on account of the dissoluteness of his life.

[8] The hero of the Duellist.

[9] Philip Carteret Webb, Esq. Solicitor to the Treasury, when the papers of Wilkes were seized upon: several of which he published.

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Whilst titles serve to hush a villain's fears;
Whilst peers are agents made, and agents peers;
Whilst base betrayers are themselves betray'd,
And makers ruin'd by the thing they made;
Whilst C——[10], false to God and man, for gold,
Like the old traitor who a Saviour sold,
To shame his master, friend, and father, gives;
Whilst Bute remains in power, whilst Holland lives;
Can satire want a subject, where Disdain,
By Virtue fir'd, may point her sharpest strain?
Where, cloth'd with thunder, Truth may roll along,
And Candour justify the rage of song?
Such things! such men before thee! such an age!
Where Rancour, great as thine, may glut her rage,
And sicken ev'n to surfeit; where the pride
Of Satire, pouring down in fullest tide,
May spread wide vengeance round, yet all the while
Justice behold the ruin with a smile;
Whilst I, thy foe misdeem'd, cannot condemn,
Nor disapprove that rage I wish to stem,
Wilt thou, degenerate and corrupted, choose
To soil the credit of thy haughty Muse?
With fallacy, most infamous, to stain
Her truth, and render all her anger vain?
When I beheld thee, incorrect but bold,
A various comment on the stage unfold;
When players on players before thy satire fell,
And poor Reviews conspir'd thy wrath to swell;
When states and statesmen next became thy care,
And only kings were safe if thou wast there,
Thy every word I weigh'd in judgment's scale,
And in thy every word found truth prevail;
Why dost thou now to falsehood meanly fly?
Not even candour can forgive a lie.

[10] This initial remains unappropriated.

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Bad as men are, why should thy frantic rhymes
Traffic in slander, and invent new crimes?
Crimes which, existing only in thy mind,
Weak spleen brings forth to blacken all mankind.
By pleasing hopes we lure the human heart
To practise virtue, and improve in art;
To thwart these ends (which, proud of honest fame,
A noble Muse would cherish and inflame)
Thy drudge contrives, and in our full career
Sick lies our hopes with the pale hue of fear:
Tells us that all our labours are in vain;
That what we seek we never can obtain;
That, dead to virtue, lost to Nature's plan,
Envy possesses the whole race of man;
That worth is criminal, and danger lies,
Danger extreme, in being good and wise.
'Tis a rank falsehood; search the world around,
There cannot be so vile a monster found,
Not one so vile, on whom suspicions fall
Of that gross guilt which you impute to all.
Approv'd by those who disobey her laws,
Virtue from vice itself extorts applause:
Her very foes bear witness to her state;
They will not love her, but they cannot hate.
Hate Virtue for herself! with spite pursue
Merit for merit's sake! might this be true
I would renounce my nature with disdain,
And with the beasts that perish graze the plain.
Might this be true, had we so far fill'd up
The measure of our crimes, and from the cup
Of guilt so deeply drank, as not to find,
Thirsting for sin, one drop, one dreg, behind,
Quick ruin must involve this flaming ball,
And Providence in justice crush us all.

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None but the damn'd, and amongst them the worst,
Those who for double guilt are doubly curst,
Can be so lost; nor can the worst of all
At once into such deep damnation fall;
By painful slow degrees they reach this crime,
Which ev'n in hell must be a work of time.
Cease, then, thy guilty rage, thou wayward son,
With the foul gall of discontent oerrun;
List to my voice—be honest, if you can,
Nor slander Nature in her favourite man.
But if thy spirit, resolute in ill,
Once having err'd, persists in error still,
Go on at large, no longer worth my care,
And freely vent those blasphemies in air,
Which I would stamp as false, though on the tongue
Of angels the injurious slander hung.
Dup'd by thy vanity, (that cunning elf,
Who snares the coxcomb to deceive himself)
Or blinded by thy rage, didst thou believe
That we too, coolly, would ourselves deceive?
That we, as sterling, falsehood would admit,
Because 'twas season'd with some little wit?
When fiction rises pleasing to the eye,
Men will believe, because they love the lie;
But Truth herself, if clouded with a frown,
Must have some solemn proof to pass her down.
Hast thou, maintaining that which must disgrace
And bring into contempt the human race:
Hast thou, or canst thou, in Truth's sacred court,
To save thy credit, and thy cause support,
Produce one proof, make out one real ground,
On which so great, so gross, a charge to found?
Nay, dost thou know one man (let that appear,
From wilful falsehood I'll proclaim thee clear)

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One man so lost, to nature so untrue,
From whom this general charge thy rashness drew?
On this foundation shalt thou stand or fall—
Prove that in one which you have charg'd on all.
Reason determines, and it must be done;
'Mongst men or past or present name me one.
Hogarth.—I take thee, Candour at thy word,
Accept thy proffer'd terms, and will be heard.
Thee have I heard with virulence declaim,
Nothing retain'd of Candour but the name:
By thee have I been charg'd in angry strains
With that mean falsehood which my soul disdains—
Hogarth, stand forth.—Nay, hang not thus aloof—
Now Candour, now thou shalt receive such proof,
Such damning proof, that henceforth thou shalt fear
To tax my wrath, and own my conduct clear—
Hogarth, stand forth—I dare thee to be tried
In that great court, where Conscience must preside;
At that most solemn bar hold up thy hand;
Think before whom, on what account, you stand—
Speak, but consider well—from first to last
Review thy life, weigh every action past—
Nay, you shall have no reason to complain—
Take longer time, and view them o'er again—
Canst thou remember from thy earliest youth,
And as thy God must judge thee, speak the truth,
A single instance where, self laid aside,
And justice taking place of fear and pride,
Thou with an equal eye didst genius view,
And give to merit what was merit's due?
Genius and merit are a sure offence,
And thy soul sickens at the name of sense.
Is any one so foolish to succeed?
On Envy's altar he is doom'd to bleed:

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Hogarth, a guilty pleasure in his eyes,
The place of executioner supplies:
See how he glotes, enjoys the sacred feast,
And proves himself by cruelty a priest.
Whilst the weak artist, to thy whims a slave,
Would bury all those pow'rs which nature gave;
Would suffer blank concealment to obscure
Those rays thy jealousy could not endure!
To feed thy vanity would rust unknown,
And to secure thy credit blast his own,
In Hogarth he was sure to find a friend;
He could not fear, and therefore might commend:
But when his spirit, rous'd by honest shame,
Shook off that lethargy and soar'd to fame;
When, with the pride of man, resolv'd and strong,
He scorn'd those fears which did his honour wrong,
And, on himself determin'd to rely,
Brought forth his labours to the public eye,
No friend in thee could such a rebel know;
He had desert, and Hogarth was his foe.
Souls of a timorous cast, of petty name
In Envy's court, not yet quite dead to shame,
May some remorse, some qualms of conscience feel,
And suffer honour to abate their zeal;
But the man truly and completely great
Allows no rule of action but his hate;
Through every bar he bravely breaks his way,
Passion his principle, and parts his prey.
Mediums in vice and virtue speak a mind
Within the pale of temperance confin'd;
The daring spirit scorns her narrow schemes,
And, good or bad, is always in extremes.
Man's practice duly weigh'd, through every age
On the same plan hath Envy form'd her rage,

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'Gainst those whom fortune hath our rivals made,
In way of science, and in way of trade:
Stung with mean jealousy she arms her spite,
First works, then views their ruin with delight.
Our Hogarth here, a grand improver, shines,
And nobly on the general plan refines;
He like himself o'erleaps the servile bound;
Worth is his mark, wherever worth is found.
Should painters only his vast wrath suffice?
Genius in every walk is lawful prize:
'Tis a gross insult to his o'ergrown state;
His love to merit is to feel his hate.

When Wilkes, our countryman, our common friend,
Arose, his king, his country, to defend;
When tools of power he bar'd to public view,
And from their holes the sneaking cowards drew;
When Rancour found it far beyond her reach
To soil his honour, and his truth impeach;
What could induce thee, at a time and place
Where manly foes had blush'd to shew their face,
To make that effort which must damn thy name,
And sink thee deep, deep in thy grave with shame?
Did virtue move thee? No; 'twas pride, rank pride,
And if thou hadst not done it, thou hadst died.
Malice (who, disappointed of her end,
Whether to work the bane of foe or friend,
Preys on herself, and, driven to the stake,
Gives Virtue that revenge she scorns to take)
Had kill'd thee, tottering on life's utmost verge,
Had Wilkes and Liberty escap'd thy scourge.

When that Great Charter, which our fathers bought
With their best blood, was into question brought:

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When big with ruin o'er each English head
Vile Slavery hung suspended by a thread:
When Liberty, all trembling and aghast,
Fear'd for the future, knowing what was past;
When every breast was chill'd with deep despair,
Till Reason pointed out that Pratt [11] was there;
Lurking, most ruffian-like, behind a screen,
So plac'd all things to see, himself unseen,
Virtue, with due contempt, saw Hogarth stand,
The murderous pencil in his palsied hand.
What was the cause of Liberty to him,
Or what was Honour? let them sink or swim,
So he may gratify, without control,
The mean resentments of his selfish soul;
Let freedom perish, if to freedom true,
In the same ruin Wilkes may perish too.
With all the symptoms of assur'd decay,
With age and sickness pinch'd and worn away,
Pale quivering lips, lank cheeks, and faltering tongue,
The spirits out of tune, the nerves unstrung,
Thy body shrivell'd up, thy dim eyes sunk
Within their sockets deep, thy weak hams shrunk,
The body's weight unable to sustain,
The stream of life scarce trembling through the vein,
More than half-kill'd by honest truths, which fell,
Through thy own fault, from men who wish'd thee well,
Canst thou, ev'n thus, thy thoughts to vengeance give,
And, dead to all things else, to malice live?
Hence, Dotard, to thy closet; shut thee in;
By deep repentance wash away thy sin;
From haunts of men to shame and sorrow fly,
And, on the verge of death, learn how to die.

[11] Charles Pratt, Earl Camden, and the venerable Chief Justice of the Common Pleas.

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Vain exhortation! wash the Ethiop white,
Discharge the leopard's spots, turn day to night,
Control the course of Nature, bid the deep
Hush at thy pigmy voice her waves to sleep,
Perform things passing strange, yet own thy art
Too weak to work a change in such a heart.
That envy, which was woven in the frame
At first, will to the last remain the same.
Reason may droop, may die: but Envy's rage
Improves by time, and gathers strength from age.
Some, and not few, vain triflers with the pen,
Unread, unpractis'd in the ways of men,
Tell us that Envy, who, with giant stride,
Stalks through the vale of life by Virtue's side,
Retreats when she hath drawn her latest breath,
And calmly hears her praises after death.
To such observers Hogarth gives the lie;
Worth may be hears'd, but Envy cannot die;
Within the mansion of his gloomy breast,
A mansion suited well to such a guest,
Immortal, unimpair'd, she rears her head,
And damns alike the living and the dead.

Oft have I known thee, Hogarth, weak and vain,
Thyself the idol of thy awkward strain,
Through the dull measure of a summer's day,
In phrase most vile, prate long, long hours away,
Whilst friends with friends all gaping sit, and gaze
To hear a Hogarth babble Hogarth's praise;
But if athwart thee Interruption came,
And mention'd with respect some ancient's name,
Some ancient's name who, in the days of yore,
The crown of art with greatest honour wore,
How have I seen thy coward cheek turn pale,
And blank confusion seize thy mangled tale!

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How hath thy jealousy to madness grown,
And deem'd his praise injurious to thy own!
Then without mercy did thy wrath make way,
And arts and artists all became thy prey;
Then didst thou trample on establish'd rules,
And proudly levell'd all the ancient schools,
Condemn'd those works, with praise through ages grac'd,
Which you had never seen, or could not taste;
'But would mankind have true perfection shown,
It must be found in labours of my own:
I dare to challenge, in one single piece,
The' united force of Italy and Greece.'
Thy eager hand the curtain then undrew,
And brought the boasted masterpiece to view.
Spare thy remarks—say not a single word—
The picture seen, why is the painter heard?
Call not up shame and anger in our cheeks:
Without a comment Sigismunda speaks.
Poor Sigismunda[12]! what a fate is thine!
Dryden, the great high-priest of all the Nine,
Reviv'd thy name, gave what a Muse could give,
And in his numbers bade thy memory live;
Gave thee those soft sensations which might move
And warm the coldest anchorite to love;

[12] Hogarth's picture of Sigismunda was taken from Dryden's fable of Sigismunda and Guiscardo! She is represented in the attitude of receiving, in a golden goblet, the heart of her murdered lover, presented to her by order of her inhuman father.

Or not amaz'd, or hiding her surprise,
She sternly on the bearer fix'd her eyes;
Then thus, 'Tell Tancred, on his daughter's part,
The gold, though precious, equals not the heart.'

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Gave thee that virtue, which could curb desire,
Refine and consecrate love's headstrong fire;
Gave thee those griefs, which made the Stoic feel,
And call'd compassion forth from hearts of steel;
Gave thee that firmness, which our sex may shame,
And make man bow to woman's juster claim;
So that our tears, which from compassion flow,
Seem to debase thy dignity of woe.
But, O, how much unlike! how fall'n! how chang'd!
How much from Nature and herself estrang'd!
How totally depriv'd of all the pow'rs
To show her feelings, and awaken ours,
Doth Sigismunda now devoted stand,
The helpless victim of a dauber's hand!

But why, my Hogarth, such a progress made,
So rare a pattern for the sign-post trade?
In the full force, and whirlwind of thy pride,
Why was heroic painting laid aside?
Why is it not resum'd? thy friends at court,
Men all in place and power, crave thy support;
Be grateful then for once, and through the field
Of politics, thy epic pencil wield:
Maintain the cause which they, good lack! avow,
And would maintain too, but they know not how.

Through every pannel let thy virtue tell
How Bute prevail'd, how Pitt and Temple fell!
How England's sons (whom they conspir'd to bless
Against our will, with insolent success)
Approve their fall, and with addresses run,
How got, God knows, to hail the Scotish sun?
Point out our fame in war, when vengeance, hurl'd
From the strong arm of Justice, shook the world;
Thine, and thy country's honour to increase,
Point out the honours of succeeding peace;

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Our moderation, Christian-like, display,
Shew what we got, and what we gave away;
In colours, dull and heavy as the tale,
Let a state-chaos through the whole prevail.
But, of events regardless, whilst the Muse,
Perhaps with too much heat, her theme pursues;
Whilst her quick spirits rouse at Freedom's call,
And every drop of blood is turn'd to gall;
Whilst a dear country, and an injur'd friend,
Urge my strong anger to the bitterest end;
Whilst honest trophies to revenge are rais'd,
Let not one real virtue pass unprais'd:
Justice with equal course bids Satire flow,
And loves the virtue of her greatest foe.
O! that I here could that rare virtue mean,
Which scorns the rule of envy, pride, and spleen,
Which springs not from the labour'd works of art,
But hath its rise from Nature in the heart;
Which in itself with happiness is crown'd,
And spreads with joy the blessing all around!
But truth forbids, and in these simple lays,
Contented with a different kind of praise,
Must Hogarth stand; that praise which genius gives,
In which to latest time the artist lives,
But not the man; which, rightly understood,
May make us great, but cannot make us good:
That praise be Hogarth's; freely let him wear
The wreath which Genius wove, and planted there:
Foe as I am, should Envy tear it down,
Myself would labour to replace the crown.
In walks of humour, in that cast of style
Which, probing to the quick, yet makes us smile;
In comedy, his natural road to fame,
(Nor let me call it by a meaner name)

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Where a beginning, middle, and an end,
Are aptly join'd; where parts on parts depend,
Each made for each, as bodies for their soul,
So as to form one true and perfect whole;
Where a plain story to the eye is told,
Which we conceive the moment we behold,
Hogarth unrivall'd stands, and shall engage
Unrivall'd praise to the most distant age.

How couldst thou then to shame perversely run,
And tread that path which Nature bade thee shun?
Why did ambition overleap her rules,
And thy vast parts become the sport of fools?
By different methods different men excel;
But where is he who can do all things well?
Humour thy province, for some monstrous crime
Pride struck thee with the frenzy of sublime;
But, when the work was finish'd, could thy mind
So partial be, and to herself so blind,
What with contempt all view'd, to view with awe,
Nor see those faults which every blockhead saw?
Blush, thou vain man! and if desire of fame,
Founded on real art, thy thoughts inflame,
To quick destruction Sigismunda give,
And let her memory die, that thine may live.

But should fond Candour, for her mercy sake,
With pity view, and pardon this mistake;
Or should Oblivion, to thy wish most kind,
Wipe off that stain, nor leave one trace behind,
Of arts despis'd, of artists, by thy frown
Aw'd from just hopes, of rising worth kept down,
Of all thy meanness through this mortal race,
Canst thou the living memory erase?
Or shall not vengeance follow to the grave,
And give back just that measure which you gave?

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With so much merit, and so much success,
With so much power to curse, so much to bless,
Would he have been man's friend instead of foe,
Hogarth had been a little god below.
Why then, like savage giants fam'd of old,
Of whom in scripture story we are told,
Dost thou in cruelty that strength employ,
Which Nature meant to save, not to destroy?
Why dost thou, all in horrid pomp array'd,
Sit grinning o'er the ruins thou hast made?
Most rank Ill-nature must applaud thy art,
But even Candour must condemn thy heart.

For me, who, warm and zealous for my friend,
In spite of railing thousands will commend;
And no less warm and zealous 'gainst my foes,
Spite of commending thousands, will oppose;
I dare thy worst, with scorn behold thy rage,
But with an eye of pity view thy age;
Thy feeble age! in which, as in a glass,
We see how men to dissolution pass.
Thou wretched being, whom, on reason's plan,
So chang'd, so lost, I cannot call a man;
What could persuade thee, at this time of life,
To launch afresh into the sea of strife?
Better for thee, scarce crawling on the earth,
Almost as much a child as at thy birth,
To have resign'd in peace thy parting breath,
And sunk unnotic'd in the arms of Death.
Why would thy grey, grey hairs, resentment brave,
Thus to go down with sorrow to the grave?
Now, by my soul, it makes me blush to know
My spirits could descend to such a foe:
Whatever cause the vengeance might provoke,
It seems rank cowardice to give the stroke.

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Sure 'tis a curse which angry fates impose,
To mortify man's arrogance, that those
Who're fashion'd of some better sort of clay,
Much sooner than the common herd decay.
What bitter pangs must humbled Genius feel,
In their last hours, to view a Swift and Steele [13]?
How must ill-boding horrors fill her breast,
When she beholds men mark'd above the rest
For qualities most dear, plung'd from that height,
And sunk, deep sunk, in second childhood's night!
Are men, indeed, such things? and are the best
More subject to this evil than the rest?
To drivel out whole years of idiot breath,
And sit the monuments of living death?
O, galling circumstance to human pride!
Abasing thought, but not to be denied.
With curious art the brain, too finely wrought,
Preys on herself, and is destroy'd by thought:
Constant attention wears the active mind,
Blots out our powers, and leaves a blank behind.
But let not youth, to insolence allied,
In heat of blood, in full career of pride,
Possess'd of genius, with unhallow'd rage
Mock the infirmities of reverend age:
The greatest genius to this fate may bow;
Reynolds, in time, may be like Hogarth now [14].

[13] Swift, it is well known, died in a state of idiotism. Sir Richard Steele also for some years before his death laboured under a paralytic affection, by which his intellectual powers were materially impaired.

[14] The poetical presage of Churchill was never verified in the social or professional life of Sir Joshua Reynolds. He died in 1791, with a reputation still undiminished, though scarcely susceptible of increase.

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THE

CONFERENCE [1].

GRACE said in form, (which sceptics must agree,
When they are told that grace was said by me;)
The servants gone, to break the scurvy jest
On the proud landlord, and his threadbare guest;
The King gone round, my Lady too withdrawn,
My Lord, in usual taste, began to yawn,
And, lolling backward in his elbow-chair,
With an insipid kind of stupid stare,
Picking his teeth, twirling his seals about—
'Churchill, you have a poem coming out:
You've my best wishes; but I really fear
Your Muse, in general, is too severe;
Her spirit seems her interest to oppose,
And where she makes one friend, makes twenty foes.
C. 'Your Lordship's fears are just; I feel their force,
But only feel it as a thing of course.
The man whose hardy spirit shall engage
To lash the vices of a guilty age,

[1] This poem was published in November 1763, soon after the author's elopement with the daughter of a tradesman in Westminster had become a general topic of indignant conversation. He labours throughout to separate the effects of his private from those of his public conduct, and in bitterness of soul contrasts the one with the other.

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At his first setting forward ought to know
That every rogue he meets must be his foe;
That the rude breath of satire will provoke
Many who feel, and more who fear the stroke.
But shall the partial rage of selfish men
From stubborn justice wrench the righteous pen?
Or shall I not my settled course pursue,
Because my foes are foes to virtue too?'

L. 'What is this boasted Virtue, taught in schools,
And idly drawn from antiquated rules?
What is her use? point out one wholesome end:
Will she hurt foes, or can she make a friend?
When from long fasts fierce appetites arise,
Can this same Virtue stifle Nature's cries?
Can she the pittance of a meal afford,
Or bid thee welcome to one great man's board?
When northern winds the rough December arm
With frost and snow, can Virtue keep thee warm?
Canst thou dismiss the hard unfeeling dun
Barely by saying, thou art Virtue's son?
Or, by base blundering statesmen sent to jail,
Will Mansfield take this Virtue for thy bail?—
Believe it not, the name is in disgrace;
Virtue and Temple now are out of place.

'Quit then this meteor, whose delusive ray
From wealth and honour leads thee far astray.
True virtue means (let Reason use her eyes)
Nothing with fools, and interest with the wise.
Would'st thou be great, her patronage disclaim,
Nor madly triumph in so mean a name:
Let nobler wreaths thy happy brows adorn,
And leave to Virtue poverty and scorn.
Let Prudence be thy guide; who doth not know
How seldom Prudence can with Virtue go!

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To be successful try thy utmost force,
And virtue follows as a thing of course.
' Hirco, who knows not Hirco? stains the bed
Of that kind master who first gave him bread;
Scatters the seeds of discord through the land,
Breaks every public, every private band;
Beholds with joy a trusting friend undone;
Betrays a brother, and would cheat a son:
What mortal in his senses can endure
The name of Hirco? for the wretch is poor!
" Let him hang, drown, starve, on a dunghill rot,
By all detested live, and die forgot;
Let him, a poor return, in every breath
Feel all death's pains, yet be whole years in death,"
Is now the general cry we all pursue;
Let Fortune change, and Prudence changes too;
Supple and pliant, a new system feels,
Throws up her cap, and spaniels at his heels,
' Long live great Hirco, (cries, by Interest taught)
And let his foes, though I prove one, be nought.'
C. ' Peace to such men, if such men can have peace,
Let their possessions, let their state, increase;
Let their base services in courts strike root,
And in the season bring forth golden fruit;
I envy not: let those who have the will,
And, with so little spirit, so much skill,
With such vile instruments their fortunes carve;
Rogues may grow fat, an honest man dares starve.'
L. ' These stale conceits thrown off, let us advance
For once to real life, and quit romance.
Starve! pretty talking! but I fain would view
That man, that honest man, would do it too.

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Hence to yon mountain which outbraves the sky,
And dart from pole to pole thy strengthen'd eye;
Through all that space you shall not view one man,
Not one, who dares to act on such a plan.
Cowards in calms will say, what in a storm
The brave will tremble at, and not perform.
Thine be the proof, and, spite of all you've said,
You'd give your honour for a crust of bread.'

C. 'What proof might do, what hunger might effect,
What famish'd Nature, looking with neglect
On all she once held dear; what fear, at strife
With fainting virtue for the means of life;
Might make this coward flesh, in love with breath,
Shuddering at pain, and shrinking back from death,
In treason to my soul, descend to bear;
Trusting to fate, I neither know nor care.

'Once, (at this hour those wounds afresh I feel,
Which nor prosperity nor time can heal,
Those wounds, which, fate severely hath decreed,
Mention'd or thought of, must for ever bleed;
Those wounds, which humbled all that pride of man
Which brings such mighty aid to virtue's plan:)
Once, aw'd by Fortune's most oppressive frown,
By legal rapine to the earth bow'd down,
My credit at last gasp, my state undone,
Trembling to meet the shock I could not shun,
Virtue gave ground, and black despair prevail'd;
Sinking beneath the storm, my spirits fail'd,
Like Peter's faith; till one, a friend indeed,
(May all distress find such in time of need!)
One kind good man, in act, in word, in thought,
By virtue guided, and by wisdom taught,

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Image of Him whom christians should adore,
Stretch'd forth his hand, and brought me safe to shore [2].

'Since, by good fortune into notice rais'd,
And for some little merit largely prais'd,
Indulg'd in swerving from prudential rules,
Hated by rogues, and not belov'd by fools;
Plac'd above want, shall abject thirst of wealth
So fiercely war 'gainst my soul's dearest health,
That, as a boon, I should base shackles crave,
And, born to freedom, make myself a slave?
That I should in the train of those appear,
Whom honour cannot love, nor manhood fear?

'That I no longer skulk from street to street,
Afraid lest duns assail, and bailiffs meet:
That I from place to place this carcass bear;
Walk forth at large, and wander free as air;
That I no longer dread the awkward friend
Whose very obligations must offend;
Nor, all too froward, with impatience burn
At suffering favours which I can't return.
That, from dependence and from pride secure,
I am not plac'd so high to scorn the poor,
Nor yet so low, that I (my Lord) should fear,
Or hesitate to give him sneer for sneer;
That, whilst sage Prudence my pursuits confirms,
I can enjoy the world on equal terms;
That, kind to others, to myself most true,
Feeling no want, I comfort those who do,

[2] Churchill, having imprudently involved himself in debt, previous to the publication of the Rosciad, was relieved by the benevolence of Dr. Peirson Lloyd, second master of Westminster school, who also effected a compromise with the creditors.

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And with the will have power to aid distress [3];
These, and what other blessings I possess,
From the indulgence of the public rise,
All private patronage my soul defies.
By candour more inclin'd to save than damn,
A generous public made me what I am.
All that I have, they gave; just memory bears
The grateful stamp; and what I am, is theirs.'

L. 'To feign a red-hot zeal for freedom's cause,
To mouth aloud for liberties and laws,
For public good to bellow all abroad,
Serves well the purposes of private fraud.
Prudence, by public good intends her own;
If you mean otherwise, you stand alone.
What do we mean by country and by court?
What is it to oppose? what to support?
Mere words of course; and what is more absurd
Than to pay homage to an empty word?
Majors and minors differ but in name;
Patriots and ministers are much the same;
The only difference, after all their rout,
Is, that the one is in, the other out.

'Explore the dark recesses of the mind,
In the soul's honest volume read mankind,
And own, in wise and simple, great and small,
The same grand leading principle in all.
Whate'er we talk of wisdom to the wise,
Of goodness to the good, of public ties
Which to our country link, of private bands
Which claim most dear attention at our hands,

[3] The extensive sale of our author's poems, and his rapidity of composition, produced him no inconsiderable revenue; and to his credit it must be remembered, that his first earnings were appropriated to the full discharge of every demand upon him.

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For parent and for child, for wife and friend,
Our first great mover, and our last great end
Is one, and, by whatever name we call
The ruling tyrant, self is all in all.
This, which unwilling faction shall admit,
Guided in different ways a Bute and Pitt,
Made tyrants break, made kings observe the law,
And gave the world a Stuart and Nassau.
'Hath Nature (strange and wild conceit of pride)
Distinguish'd thee from all her sons beside?
Doth virtue in thy bosom brighter glow,
Or from a spring more pure doth action flow?
Is not thy soul bound with those very chains
Which shackle us! or is that self, which reigns
O'er kings and beggars, which in all we see
Most strong and sovereign, only weak in thee?
Fond man, believe it not; experience tells
'Tis not thy virtue, but thy pride rebels.
Think, (and for once lay by thy lawless pen)
Think, and confess thyself like other men;
Think but one hour, and, to thy Conscience led
By Reason's hand, bow down and hang thy head:
Think on thy private life, recal thy youth,
View thyself now, and own, with strictest truth,
That self hath drawn thee from fair virtue's way
Farther than folly would have dar'd to stray;
And that the talents liberal Nature gave
To make thee free, have made thee more a slave.
'Quit then, in prudence quit, that idle train
Of toys, which have so long abus'd thy brain,
And captive led thy powers; with boundless will
Let self maintain her state and empire still,
But let her, with more worthy objects caught,
Strain all the faculties and force of thought

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To things of higher daring; let her range
Through better pastures, and learn how to change;
Let her, no longer to weak faction tied,
Wisely revolt, and join our stronger side.'

C. Ah! what, my Lord, hath private life to do
With things of public nature? why to view
Would you thus cruelly those scenes unfold
Which, without pain and horror to behold,
Must speak me something more or less than man,
Which friends may pardon, but I never can?
Look back! a thought which borders on despair,
Which human nature must, yet cannot bear.
'Tis not the babbling of a busy world,
Where praise and censure are at random hurl'd,
Which can the meanest of my thoughts control,
Or shake one settled purpose of my soul:
Free and at large might their wild curses roam,
If all, if all, alas! were well at home.
No—'tis the tale which angry conscience tells,
When she with more than tragic horror swells
Each circumstance of guilt; when stern but true,
She brings bad actions forth into review,
And, like the dread hand-writing on the wall,
Bids late remorse awake at reason's call;
Arm'd at all points, bids scorpion vengeance pass,
And to the mind holds up reflection's glass,
The mind which, starting, heaves the heart-felt groan,
And hates that form she knows to be her own[4].

'Enough of this,—let private sorrows rest,—
As to the public I dare stand the test;
Dare proudly boast, I feel no wish above
The good of England, and my country's love.

[4] These lines pathetically allude to the poignant sense their author entertained of his deplorable misconduct.

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Stranger to party-rage, by reason's voice,
Unerring guide, directed in my choice,
Not all the tyrant powers of earth combin'd,
No, nor of hell, shall make me change my mind.
What! herd with men my honest soul disdains,
Men who, with servile zeal, are forging chains
For Freedom's neck, and lend a helping hand
To spread destruction o'er my native land.
What! shall I not, ev'n to my latest breath,
In the full face of danger and of death,
Exert that little strength which nature gave,
And boldly stem, or perish in the wave?'

L. 'When I look backward for some fifty years,
And see protesting patriots turn'd to peers;
Hear men, most loose, for decency declaim,
And talk of character without a name;
See infidels assert the cause of God,
And meek divines wield persecution's rod;
See men transform'd to brutes, and brutes to men,
See Whitehead[5] take a place, Ralph[6] change his pen,
I mock the zeal, and deem the men in sport,
Who rail at ministers and curse a court.
Thee, haughty as thou art, and proud in rhyme,
Shall some preferment, offer'd at a time
When virtue sleeps, some sacrifice to pride,
Or some fair victim, move to change thy side.
Thee shall these eyes behold, to health restor'd,
Using, as Prudence bids, bold Satire's sword,

[5] This was the mock patriot, Paul Whitehead.

[6] Mr. James Ralph at first appeared as an unsuccessful dramatic writer. In the year 1742, the Duchess of Marlborough having published the memoirs of her own life, Ralph wrote an answer to it, called, 'The other Side of the Question.' This performance gave him reputation in the literary world, and he became so formidable a political writer, as to obtain a pension of 600*l* per annum, which he lived not long to enjoy.

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Galling thy present friends, and praising those
Whom now thy frenzy holds thy greatest foes.'
C. 'May I,(can worse disgrace on manhood fall?)
Be born a Whitehead, and baptiz'd a Paul;
May I, (though to his service deeply tied
By sacred oaths, and now by will allied)
With false feign'd zeal an injur'd God defend,
And use his name for some base private end;
May I, (that thought bids double horrors roll
O'er my sick spirits, and unmans my soul)
Ruin the virtue which I held most dear,
And still must hold; may I, through abject fear,
Betray my friend; may to succeeding times,
Engrav'd on plates of adamant, my crimes
Stand blazing forth, whilst, mark'd with envious blot,
Each little act of virtue is forgot;
Of all those evils which, to stamp men curst,
Hell keeps in store for vengeance, may the worst
Light on my head; and in my day of woe,
To make the cup of bitterness o'erflow,
May I be scorn'd by every man of worth,
Wander, like Cain, a vagabond on earth,
Bearing about a hell in my own mind,
Or be to Scotland for my life confin'd,
If I am one among the many known [own.
Whom Shelburne[8] fled, and Calcraft[9] blush'd to
L. 'Do you reflect what men you make your foes?'
C. 'I do, and that's the reason I oppose.

[8] William Petty, Earl of Shelburne, afterwards created Marquis of Lansdowne.

[9] John Calcraft, Esq. an army agent and contractor, was the confidential friend of Lord Holland, Rigby, &c. He died in 1772, leaving a fortune of more than 250,000*l*.

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Friends I have made, whom Envy must commend,
But not one foe, whom I would wish a friend.
What if ten thousand Butes and Hollands bawl?
One Wilkes hath made a large amends for all.
' 'Tis not the title, whether handed down
From age to age, or flowing from the crown
In copious streams on recent men, who came
From stems unknown, and sires without a name:
'Tis not the star, which our great Edward gave
To mark the virtuous, and reward the brave,
Blazing without, whilst a base heart within
Is rotten to the core with filth and sin;
'Tis not the tinsel grandeur, taught to wait,
At custom's call, to mark a fool of state
From fools of lesser note, that soul can awe,
Whose pride is reason, whose defence is law.'
L. ' Suppose, (a thing scarce possible in art,
Were it thy cue to play a common part)
Suppose thy writings so well fenc'd in law,
That Norton cannot find nor make a flaw—
Hast thou not heard, that 'mongst our ancient tribes,
By party warpt, or lull'd asleep by bribes,
Or trembling at the ruffian hand of Force,
Law hath suspended stood, or chang'd its course?
Art thou assur'd, that, for destruction ripe,
Thou may'st not smart beneath the self-same gripe?
What sanction hast thou, frantic in thy rhymes,
Thy life, thy freedom to secure?'
C. ' The times.
'Tis not on law, a system great and good,
By wisdom penn'd, and bought by noblest blood,
My faith relies: by wicked men and vain
Law, once abus'd, may be abus'd again.—

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No; on our great lawgiver I depend,
Who knows and guides her to her proper end;
Whose royalty of nature blazes out
So fierce, 'twere sin to entertain a doubt—
Did tyrant Stuarts now the laws dispense,
(Bless'd be the hour and hand which sent them hence!)
For something, or for nothing, for a word
Or thought, I might be doom'd to death, unheard.
Life we might all resign to lawless pow'r,
Nor think it worth the purchase of an hour;
But envy ne'er shall fix so foul a stain
On the fair annals of a Brunswick's reign.
'If, slave to party, to revenge, or pride;
If, by frail human error drawn aside,
I break the law, strict rigour let her wear;
'Tis her's to punish, and 'tis mine to bear;
Nor, by the voice of Justice doom'd to death,
Would I ask mercy with my latest breath:
But, anxious only for my country's good,
In which my king's, of course, is understood;
Form'd on a plan with some few patriot friends,
Whilst by just means I aim at noblest ends,
My spirits cannot sink: though from the tomb
Stern Jefferies should be plac'd in Mansfield's room;
Though he should bring, his base designs to aid,
Some black attorney, for his purpose made,
And shove, whilst Decency and Law retreat,
The modest Norton from his maiden seat;
Though both in ill, confederates, should agree,
In damned league, to torture law and me,
Whilst George is king, I cannot fear endure;
Not to be guilty, is to be secure.

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'But when, in after-times, (be far remov'd
That day!) our monarch, glorious and belov'd,
Sleeps with his fathers; should imperious fate,
In vengeance, with fresh Stuarts curse our state;
Should they, o'erleaping every fence of law,
Butcher the brave to keep tame fools in awe;
Should they, by brutal and oppressive force,
Divert sweet Justice from her even course;
Should they, of every other means bereft,
Make my right hand a witness 'gainst my left;
Should they, abroad by inquisitions taught,
Search out my soul, and damn me for a thought;
Still would I keep my course, still speak, still write;
Till death had plung'd me in the shades of night.

'Thou God of Truth, thou great, all-searching eye,
To whom our thoughts, our spirits, open lie,
Grant me thy strength, and in that needful hour
(Should it e'er come) when Law submits to Pow'r,
With firm resolve my steady bosom steel,
Bravely to suffer, though I deeply feel.

'Let me, as hitherto, still draw my breath,
In love with life, but not in fear of death;
And if Oppression brings me to the grave,
And marks me dead, she ne'er shall mark a slave.
Let no unworthy marks of grief be heard,
No wild laments, not one unseemly word;
Let sober triumphs wait upon my bier;
I won't forgive that friend who drops one tear.
Whether he's ravish'd in life's early morn,
Or, in old age, drops like an ear of corn,
Full ripe he falls, on nature's noblest plan,
Who lives to reason, and who dies a man.'

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THE

FAREWELL.

P. Farewell to Europe, and at once, farewell
To all the follies which in Europe dwell;
To Eastern India now, a richer clime,
Richer, alas! in every thing but rhyme,
The Muses steer their course; and, fond of change,
At large, in other worlds, desire to range;
Resolv'd, at least, since they the fool must play,
To do it in a different place, and way.

F. What whim is this, what error of the brain,
What madness worse than in the dog-star's reign?
Why into foreign countries would you roam,
Are there not knaves and fools enough at home?
If satire be thy object, and thy lays
As yet have shown no talents fit for praise;
If satire be thy object, search all round,
Nor to thy purpose can one spot be found
Like England, where, to rampant vigour grown,
Vice chokes up every virtue; where, self-sown,
The seeds of folly shoot forth rank and bold,
And every seed brings forth a hundred-fold.

P. No more of this—though Truth, (the more
our shame,
The more our guilt) though Truth perhaps may claim,

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And justify her part in this, yet here,
For the first time, ev'n Truth offends my ear;
Declaim from morn to night, from night to morn,
Take up the theme anew, when day's new-born,
I hear, and hate—be England what she will,
With all her faults, she is my country still. [word

F. Thy country! and what then? Is that mere
Against the voice of Reason to be heard?
Are prejudices, deep imbib'd in youth,
To counteract, and make thee hate the truth?
'Tis the sure symptom of a narrow soul,
To draw its grand attachment from the whole,
And take up with a part; men, not confin'd
Within such paltry limits, men design'd
Their nature to exalt, where'er they go,
Wherever waves can roll, and winds can blow;
Where'er the blessed sun, plac'd in the sky
To watch this subject world, can dart his eye,
Are still the same, and prejudice out-grown,
Consider every country as their own;
At one grand view they take in nature's plan,
Not more at home in England, than Japan.

P. My good grave Sir of Theory, whose wit,
Grasping at shadows, ne'er caught substance yet,
'Tis mighty easy o'er a glass of wine
On vain refinements vainly to refine,
To laugh at poverty in plenty's reign,
To boast of apathy when out of pain,
And in each sentence, worthy of the schools,
Varnish'd with sophistry, to deal out rules
Most fit for practice, but for one poor fault,
That into practice they can ne'er be brought.
At home, and sitting in your elbow-chair,
You praise Japan, though you was never there:

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But was the ship this moment under sail,
Would not your mind be chang'd, your spirits fail?
Would you not cast one longing eye to shore,
And vow to deal in such wild schemes no more?
Howe'er our pride may tempt us to conceal
Those passions which we cannot choose but feel,
There's a strange something, which, without a brain,
Fools feel, and which ev'n wise men can't explain,
Planted in man, to bind him to that earth,
In dearest ties, from whence he drew his birth.
If Honour calls, where'er she points the way
The sons of Honour follow, and obey;
If need compels, wherever we are sent
'Tis want of courage not to be content;
But, if we have the liberty of choice,
And all depends on our own single voice,
To deem of every country as the same,
Is rank rebellion 'gainst the lawful claim
Of Nature, and such dull indifference
May be philosophy, but can't be sense.
F. Weak and unjust distinction, strange design,
Most peevish, most perverse, to undermine
Philosophy, and throw her empire down
By means of sense, from whom she holds her crown,
Divine Philosophy, to thee we owe
All that is worth possessing here below;
Virtue and wisdom consecrate thy reign,
Doubled each joy, and pain no longer pain.
When, like a garden, where, for want of toil
And wholesome discipline, the rich, rank soil
Teems with incumbrances; where all around,
Herbs, noxious in their nature, make the ground,
Like the good mother of a thankless son,
Curse her own womb, by fruitfulness undone;

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Like such a garden, when the human soul,
Uncultur'd, wild, impatient of control,
Brings forth those passions of luxuriant race,
Which spread, and stifle every herb of grace.
Whilst Virtue, check'd by the cold hand of Scorn,
Seems withering on the bed where she was born,
Philosophy steps in, with steady hand,
She brings her aid, she clears the' encumber'd land;
Too virtuous, to spare Vice one stroke, too wise
One moment to attend to Pity's cries—
See with what godlike, what relentless pow'r
She roots up every weed!

P. And every flow'r.

Philosophy, a name of meek degree,
Embrac'd, in token of humility,
By the proud sage[1], who, whilst he strove to hide,
In that vain artifice, reveal'd his pride;
Philosophy, whom Nature had design'd
To purge all errors from the human mind,
Herself misled by the philosopher,
At once her priest and master, made us err:
Pride, pride, like leaven in a mass of flour,
Tainted her laws, and made ev'n virtue sour.
Had she, content within her proper sphere,
Taught lessons suited to the human ear,
Which might fair Virtue's genuine fruits produce,
Made not for ornament, but real use;
The heart of man, unrivall'd, she had sway'd,
Prais'd by the good, and by the bad obey'd;
But when she, overturning Reason's throne,
Strove proudly in its place to plant her own;
When she with apathy the breast would steel,
And teach us, deeply feeling, not to feel;

[1] Diogenes.

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When she would wildly all her force employ,
Not to correct our passions, but destroy;
When, not content our nature to restore,
As made by God, she made it all new o'er;
When, with a strange and criminal excess,
To make us more than men she made us less;
The good her dwindled power with pity saw,
The bad with joy, and none but fools with awe.
Truth with a simple and unvarnish'd tale,
Ev'n from the mouth of Norton might prevail,
Could she get there; but Falsehood's sugar'd strain
Should pour her fatal blandishments in vain,
Nor make one convert, though the siren hung,
Where she too often hangs, on Mansfield's tongue.
Should all the sophs, whom in his course the sun
Hath seen, or past, or present, rise in one;
Should he, whilst pleasure in each sentence flows,
Like Plato, give us poetry in prose;
Should he, full orator, at once impart
The' Athenian's genius with the Roman's art;
Genius and art should in this instance fail,
Nor Rome, though join'd with Athens, here prevail.
'Tis not in man, 'tis not in more than man,
To make me find one fault in Nature's plan:
Plac'd low ourselves, we censure those above,
And, wanting judgment, think that she wants love,
Blame, where we ought in reason to commend,
And think her most a foe, when most a friend.
Such be philosophers—their specious art, [heart,
Though Friendship pleads, shall never warp my
Ne'er make me from this breast one passion tear,
Which Nature, my best friend, hath planted there.
F. Forgiving as a friend, what, whilst I live,
As a philosopher I can't forgive,

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In this one point at last I join with you,
To Nature pay all that is Nature's due ;
But let not clouded Reason sink so low,
To fancy debts she does not, cannot owe:
Bear, to full manhood grown, those shackles bear,
Which Nature meant us for a time to wear,
As we wear leading-strings, which, useless grown,
Are laid aside, when we can walk alone;
But on thyself, by peevish humour sway'd,
Wilt thou lay burdens Nature never laid?
Wilt thou make faults, whilst Judgment weakly errs,
And then defend, mistaking them for her's?
Dar'st thou to say, in our enlighten'd age,
That this grand master-passion, this brave rage
Which flames out for thy country, was impress'd
And fix'd by Nature in the human breast?

If you prefer the place where you was born,
And hold all others in contempt and scorn
On fair comparison ; if on that land
With liberal, and a more than equal hand,
Her gifts, as in profusion, Plenty sends ;
If Virtue meets with more and better friends ;
If Science finds a patron 'mongst the great ;
If Honesty is minister of state ;
If Power, the guardian of our rights design'd,
Is to that great, that only end, confin'd ;
If riches are employ'd to bless the poor ;
If law is sacred, liberty secure ;
Let but these facts depend on proofs of weight,
Reason declares thy love can't be too great ;
And, in this light could he our country view,
A very Hottentot must love it too.

But if by fate's decrees, you owe your birth
To some most barren and penurious earth,

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Where, every comfort of this life denied,
Her real wants are scantily supplied;
Where, power is reason, liberty a joke,
Laws never made, or made but to be broke;
To fix thy love on such a wretched spot,
Because, in lust's wild fever there begot;
Because, thy weight no longer fit to bear,
By chance, not choice, thy mother dropt thee there,
Is folly, which admits not of defence;
It can't be nature, for it is not sense.
By the same argument which here you hold,
(When Falsehood's insolent let Truth be bold)
If propagation can in torments dwell,
A devil must, if born there, love his hell.

P. Had fate, to whose decrees I lowly bend,
And ev'n in punishment confess a friend,
Ordain'd my birth in some place yet untried,
On purpose made to mortify my pride,
Where the sun never gave one glimpse of day,
Where science never yet could dart one ray,
Had I been born on some bleak, blasted plain
Of barren Scotland, in a Stuart's reign,
Or in some kingdom, where men, weak or worse,
Turn'd Nature's every blessing to a curse;
Where crowns of freedom, by the fathers won,
Dropp'd leaf by leaf from each degenerate son,
In spite of all the wisdom you display,
All you have said, and yet may have to say;
My weakness here, if weakness, I confess,
I, as my country, had not lov'd her less.
Whether strict reason bears me out in this,
Let those who, always seeking, always miss
The ways of reason, doubt with precious zeal;
Theirs be the praise to argue, mine to feel.

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Wish we to trace this passion to the root,
We, like a tree, may know it by its fruit;
From its rich stem ten thousand virtues spring,
Ten thousand blessings on its branches cling;
Yet in the circle of revolving years
Not one misfortune, not one vice, appears.
Hence, then, and what you Reason call, adore;
This, if not reason, must be something more.
But (for I wish not others to confine,
Be their opinions unrestrain'd as mine)
Whether this love's of good or evil growth,
A vice, a virtue, or a spice of both,
Let men of nicer argument decide;
If it is virtuous, soothe an honest pride
With liberal praise; if vicious, be content,
It is a vice I never can repent;
A vice which, weigh'd in Heaven, shall more avail
Than ten cold virtues in the other scale.

F. This wild, untemper'd zeal (which, after all,
We, candour unimpeach'd, might madness call)
Is it a virtue? that you scarce pretend;
Or can it be a vice, like virtue's friend,
Which draws us off from and dissolves the force
Of private ties, nay, stops us in our course
To that grand object of the human soul,
That nobler love which comprehends the whole?
Coop'd in the limits of this petty isle,
This nook, which scarce deserves a frown or smile,
Weigh'd with Creation, you, by whim undone,
Give all your thoughts to what is scarce worth one.
The generous soul, by Nature taught to soar,
Her strength confirm'd in philosophic lore,
At one grand view takes in a world with ease,
And, seeing all mankind, loves all she sees.

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P. Was it most sure, which yet a doubt endures,
Not found in Reason's creed, though found in yours,
That these two services, like what we're told
And know of God's and Mammon's, cannot hold
And draw together; that, however loth,
We neither serve, attempting to serve both,
I could not doubt a moment which to choose,
And which in common reason to refuse.
Invented oft for purposes of art,
Born of the head, though father'd on the heart,
This grand love of the world must be confess'd
A barren speculation at the best.
Not one man in a thousand, should he live
Beyond the usual term of life, could give,
So rare occasion comes, and to so few,
Proof whether his regards are feign'd or true.
The love we bear our country, is a root
Which never fails to bring forth golden fruit;
'Tis in the mind an everlasting spring
Of glorious actions, which become a king,
Nor less become a subject; 'tis a debt
Which bad men, though they pay not, can't forget;
A duty, which the good delight to pay,
And every man can practise every day.
Nor, for my life (so very dim my eye,
Or dull your argument) can I descry
What you with faith assert, how that dear love
Which binds me to my country, can remove,
And make me of necessity forego,
That general love which to the world I owe.
Those ties of private nature, small extent,
In which the mind of narrow cast is pent,
Are only steps on which the generous soul
Mounts by degrees, till she includes the whole.

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That spring of love which, in the human mind,
Founded on self, flows narrow and confin'd,
Enlarges as it rolls, and comprehends
The social charities of blood and friends,
Till smaller streams included, not o'erpass'd,
It rises to our country's love at last,
And he, with liberal and enlarged mind,
Who loves his country, cannot hate mankind.

F. Friend, as you would appear to common sense,
Tell me, or think no more of a defence,
Is it a proof of love by choice to run
A vagrant from your country?

P. Can the son,
(Shame, shame on all such sons) with ruthless eye,
And heart more patient than the flint, stand by;
And by some ruffian, from all shame divorc'd,
All virtue, see his honour'd mother forc'd!
Then; no, by Him that made me, not ev'n then,
Could I with patience, by the worst of men,
Behold my country plunder'd, beggar'd, lost
Beyond redemption, all her glories cross'd,
Ev'n when occasion made them ripe, her fame
Fled like a dream, while she awakes to shame.

F. Is it not more the office of a friend,
The office of a patron, to defend
Her sinking state, than basely to decline
So great a cause, and in despair resign?

P. Beyond my reach, alas! the grievance lies,
And, whilst more able patriots doubt, she dies.
From a foul source, more deep than we suppose,
Fatally deep and dark, this grievance flows.
'Tis not that peace our glorious hopes defeats;
'Tis not the voice of Faction in the streets;

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'Tis not a gross attack on Freedom made;
'Tis not the arm of Privilege display'd
Against the subject, whilst she wears no sting
To disappoint the purpose of a king:
These are no ills, or trifles, if compar'd
With those, which are contriv'd, though not declar'd.
Tell me, philosopher, is it a crime
To pry into the secret womb of time,
Or, born in ignorance, must we despair
To reach events, and read the future there?
Why, be it so—still 'tis the right of man,
Imparted by his Maker, where he can,
To former times and men his eye to cast,
And judge of what's to come, by what is past.
Should there be found, in some not distant year,
(O how I wish to be no prophet here!)
Amongst our British Lords should there be found
Some great in power, in principles unsound;
Who look on freedom with an evil eye,
In whom the springs of loyalty are dry;
Who wish to soar on wild Ambition's wings,
Who hate the Commons, and who love not Kings;
Who would divide the people and the throne,
To set up separate interests of their own;
Who hate whatever aids their wholesome growth,
And only join with, to destroy them both;
Should there be found such men in after-times,
May Heaven, in mercy to our grievous crimes,
Allot some milder vengeance, nor to them,
And to their rage, this wretched land condemn!
Thou God above, on whom all states depend,
Who knowest from the first their rise and end,
If there's a day mark'd in the book of fate,
When ruin must involve our equal state;

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When law, alas! must be no more, and we,
To freedom born, must be no longer free;
Let not a mob of tyrants seize the helm,
Nor titled upstarts league to rob the realm;
Let not, whatever other ills assail,
A damned aristocracy prevail:
If, all too short, our course of freedom run,
'Tis thy good pleasure we should be undone,
Let us, some comfort in our griefs to bring,
Be slaves to one, and be that one a king!

F. Poets, accustom'd by their trade to feign,
Oft substitute creations of the brain
For real substance, and, themselves deceiv'd,
Would have the fiction by mankind believ'd.
Such is your case—but grant, to soothe your pride,
That you know more than all the world beside,
Why deal in hints, why make a moment's doubt?
Resolv'd, and, like a man, at once speak out:
Show us our danger, tell us where it lies,
And, to ensure our safety, make us wise. [stray;

P. Rather than bear the pain of thought, fools
The proud will rather lose than ask their way;
To men of sense what needs it to unfold,
And tell a tale which they must know untold?
In the bad, interest warps the canker'd heart,
The good are hoodwink'd by the tricks of art;
And whilst arch subtle hypocrites contrive
To keep the flames of discontent alive;
Whilst they, with hearts to honest men unknown,
Breed doubts between the people and the throne,
Making us fear, where reason never yet
Allow'd one fear, or could one doubt admit,
Themselves pass unsuspected in disguise,
And 'gainst our real danger seal our eyes.

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F. Mark them, and let their names recorded stand
On Shame's black roll, and stink through all the land.
P. That might some courage, but no prudence be;
No hurt to them, and jeopardy to me.
F. Leave out their names.
P. For that kind caution, thanks;
But may not judges sometimes fill up blanks?
F. Your country's laws in doubt then you reject
P. The laws I love, the lawyers I suspect.
Amongst Twelve Judges may not one be found
(On bare, bare possibility I ground
This wholesome doubt) who may enlarge, retrench,
Create, and uncreate, and from the bench,
With winks, smiles, nods, and such-like paltry arts,
May work and worm into a jury's hearts?
Or, baffled there, may, turbulent of soul,
Cramp their high office, and their rights control;
Who may, though judge, turn advocate at large,
And deal replies out by the way of charge:
Making interpretation all the way,
In spite of facts, his wicked will obey,
And, leaving law without the least defence,
May damn his conscience to approve his sense?
F. Whilst, the true guardians of this charter'd land,
In full and perfect vigour, juries stand,
A judge in vain shall awe, cajole, perplex.
P. Suppose I should be tried in Middlesex?
F. To pack a jury they will never dare.
P. There's no occasion to pack juries there [2].

[2] Supposed by Mr. Tooke to allude to a recent acquittal by the petty jury, of Mr. Philip Carteret Webb, Solicitor to the Treasury, against whom an indictment for perjury had been found by the grand jury for Middlesex.

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F. 'Gaingst prejudice all arguments are weak;
Reason herself without effect must speak.
Fly then thy country, like a coward fly,
Renounce her interest, and her laws defy.
But why, bewitch'd, to India turn thine eyes?
Cannot our Europe thy vast wrath suffice?
Cannot thy misbegotten Muse lay bare
Her brawny arm, and play the butcher there?

P. Thy counsel taken, what should Satire do?
Where could she find an object that is new?
Those travell'd youths, whom tender mothers wean,
And send abroad to see, and to be seen;
With whom, lest they should fornicate, or worse,
A tutor's sent by way of a dry-nurse;
Each of whom just enough of spirit bears
To show our follies, and to bring home theirs,
Have made all Europe's vices so well known,
They seem almost as natural as our own.

F. Will India for thy purpose better do? [new.

P. In one respect at least—there's something

F. A harmless people, in whom Nature speaks
Free and untainted, 'mongst whom Satire seeks,
But vainly seeks, so simply plain their hearts,
One bosom where to lodge her poison'd darts.

P. From knowledge speak you this, or, doubt on doubt
Weigh'd and resolv'd, hath Reason found it out?
Neither from knowledge, nor by reason taught,
You have faith every where, but where you ought.
India or Europe—what's there in a name?
Propensity to vice in both the same,
Nature, alike in both, works for man's good,
Alike in both, by man himself withstood.

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Nabobs, as well as those who hunt them down,
Deserve a cord much better than a crown,
And a Mogul can thrones as much debase
As any polish'd prince of Christian race.

F. Could you, a task more hard than you suppose,
Could you, in ridicule whilst Satire glows,
Make all their follies to the life appear,
'Tis ten to one you gain no credit here;
Howe'er well-drawn, the picture, after all,
Because we know not the original,
Would not find favour in the public eye.

P. That, having your good leave, I mean to try:
And if your observations sterling hold,
If the piece should be heavy, tame, and cold,
To make it to the side of Nature lean,
And, meaning nothing, something seem to mean:
To make the whole in lively colours glow,
To bring before us something that we know,
And from all honest men applause to win,
I'll group the Company, and put them in.

F. Be that ungenerous thought by shame suppress'd,
Add not distress to those too much distress'd.
Have they not, by blind zeal misled, laid bare
Those sores which never might endure the air?
Have they not brought their mysteries so low
That what the wise suspected not, fools know?
From their first rise ev'n to the present hour
Have they not prov'd their own abuse of pow'r,
Made it impossible, if fairly view'd,
Ever to have that dangerous pow'r renew'd,
Whilst, unseduc'd by ministers, the throne
Regards our interest, and knows its own?

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P. Should every other subject chance to fail,
Those who have sail'd, and those who wish'd to sail
In the last fleet, afford an ample field,
Which must beyond my hopes a harvest yield.
F. On such vile food Satire can never thrive.
P. She cannot starve, if there was only Clive.

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THE

CANDIDATE[1].

ENOUGH of Actors—let them play the play'r,
And, free from censure, fret, sweat, strut, and stare;
Garrick abroad[2], what motives can engage
To waste one couplet on a barren stage?
Ungrateful Garrick! when these testy days,
In justice to themselves, allow'd thee praise;
When, at thy bidding, Sense, for twenty years,
Indulg'd in laughter, or dissolv'd in tears;
When, in return for labour, time, and health,
The Town had given some little share of wealth,
Could'st thou repine at being still a slave?
Dar'st thou presume to' enjoy that wealth she gave?
Could'st thou repine at laws ordain'd by those
Whom nothing but thy merit made thy foes?
Whom, too refin'd for honesty and trade,
By need made tradesmen, pride had bankrupts made,

[1] This poem was written in 1764, on occasion of the contest between the Earls of Hardwicke and Sandwich, for the High-stewardship of the University of Cambridge. The spirit of party ran uncommonly high, and no means were left untried, by either candidate, to obtain a majority. The election was fixed for the 30th of March, when the votes appearing equal, a scrutiny was demanded; whereupon the Vice-Chancellor adjourned the senate *sine die*. On appeal to the Lord High-Chancellor, he gave a determination in favour of the Earl of Hardwicke, and a *mandamus* issued accordingly.

[2] Garrick, in Sept. 1763, in order, it was said, to renovate his popularity, determined upon visiting the continent; he returned in April, 1765. His first appearance was honoured by the king; and the joy of the audience was expressed in boundless plaudits.

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Whom fear made drunkards, and, by modern rules,
Whom drink made wits, though Nature made them fools;
With such, beyond all pardon is thy crime,
In such a manner, and at such a time,
To quit the stage; but men of real sense,
Who neither lightly give, nor take offence,
Shall own thee clear, or pass an act of grace,
Since thou hast left a Powell [3] in thy place.
Enough of Authors—why, when scribblers fail,
Must other scribblers spread the hateful tale?
Why must they pity, why contempt express,
And why insult a brother in distress?
Let those, who boast the' uncommon gift of brains,
The laurel pluck, and wear it for their pains:
Fresh on their brows for ages let it bloom,—
And, ages past, still flourish round their tomb.
Let those, who without genius write and write,
Versemen or prosemen, all in Nature's spite,
The pen laid down, their course of folly run
In peace; unread, unmention'd, be undone.
Why should I tell, to cross the will of Fate,
That Francis [4] once endeavour'd to translate?
Why, sweet oblivion winding round his head,
Should I recal poor Murphy from the dead?
Why may not Langhorne [5], simple in his lay,
Effusion on effusion pour away,

[3] Powell was a pupil of Garrick's, and, next to him and Barry, the most popular performer on the stage. He died in 1769.

[4] The Rev. Philip Francis, translator of Horace and Demosthenes: in spite of Churchill's sneer, the former continues to be generally esteemed.

[5] John Langhorne, D. D. the translator of Plutarch, and author of several poems which are held in deserved estima-

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With Friendship, and with Fancy trifle here,
Or sleep in Pastoral at Belvidere?
Sleep let them all, with Dulness on her throne,
Secure from any malice but their own.
Enough of Critics—let them, if they please,
Fond of new pomp, each month pass new decrees:
Wide and extensive be their infant state,
Their subjects many, and those subjects great;
Whilst all their mandates as sound law succeed
With fools who write, and greater fools who read.
What though they lay the realms of Genius waste,
Fetter the fancy, and debauch the taste;
Though they, like doctors, to approve their skill,
Consult not how to cure, but how to kill;
Though by whim, envy, or resentment led,
They damn those authors whom they never read;
Though, other rules unknown, one rule they hold,
To deal out so much praise for so much gold:
Though Scot with Scot, in damned close intrigues,
Against the commonwealth of letters leagues?
Uncensur'd let them pilot at the helm,
And rule in letters as they rul'd the realm:
Ours be the curse, the mean tame coward's curse,
(Nor could ingenious Malice make a worse,
To do our sense, and honour deep despite)
To credit what they say, read what they write.
Enough of Scotland—let her rest in peace;
The cause remov'd [6], effects of course should cease;

tion. What Churchill consigned to ridicule, were the 'Effusions of Friendship and Fancy,' a sentimental trifle in prose and verse.

[6] Lord Bute, in Sept. 1763, retired from the official administration of public affairs.

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Why should I tell, how Tweed, too mighty grown,
And proudly swell'd with waters not his own,
Burst o'er his banks, and by destruction led,
O'er our faint England desolation spread;
Whilst, riding on his waves, Ambition plum'd,
In tenfold pride, the port of Bute assum'd,
Now that the river-god, convinc'd, though late,
And yielding, though reluctantly, to Fate,
Holds his fair course, and with more humble tides,
In tribute to the sea, as usual, glides?

Enough of States, and such like trifling things;
Enough of kinglings, and enough of kings;
Henceforth, secure, let ambush'd statesmen lie,
Spread the court web, and catch the patriot fly;
Henceforth 'unwhipt of Justice,' uncontrol'd
By fear or shame, let Vice, secure and bold,
Lord it with all her sons, whilst Virtue's groan
Meets with compassion only from the throne.

Enough of Patriots—all I ask of man
Is only to be honest as he can:
Some have deceiv'd, and some may still deceive;
'Tis the fool's curse at random to believe.
Would those, who, by opinion plac'd on high,
Stand fair and perfect in their country's eye,
Maintain that honour, let me in their ear
Hint this essential doctrine——Persevere.
Should they (which Heaven forbid!) to win the grace
Of some proud courtier, or to gain a place,
Their king and country sell, with endless shame
The' avenging Muse shall mark each traitorous name;
But if, to honour true, they scorn to bend,
And, proudly honest, hold out to the end,
Their grateful country shall their fame record,
And I myself descend to praise a lord.

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Enough of Wilkes [7]—with good and honest men
His actions speak much stronger than my pen,
And future ages shall his name adore,
When he can act and I can write no more.
England may prove ungrateful and unjust,
But fostering France shall ne'er betray her trust:
'Tis a brave debt which gods on man impose,
To pay with praise the merit ev'n of foes.
When the great warrior [8] of Amilcar's race
Made Rome's wide empire tremble to her base,
To prove her virtue, though it gall'd her pride,
Rome gave that fame which Carthage had denied.
Enough of Self—that darling luscious theme,
O'er which philosophers in raptures dream;
Of which with seeming disregard they write,
Then prizing most, when most they seem to slight;
Vain proof of folly tinctur'd strong with pride!
What man can from himself himself divide?
For me, (nor dare I lie) my leading aim
(Conscience first satisfied) is love of fame;
Some little fame deriv'd from some brave few,
Who, prizing Honour, prize her votaries too.
Let all (nor shall resentment flush my cheek)
Who know me well, what they know, freely speak;
So those (the greatest curse I meet below)
Who know me not, may not pretend to know.
Let none of those, who, bless'd with parts above
My feeble genius, still I dare to love,
Doing more mischief than a thousand foes,
Posthumous nonsense to the world expose,

[7] Wilkes had withdrawn to France, in consequence of a double prosecution hanging over him, for No. 45 of the North-Briton, and an Essay on Woman.
[8] Hannibal.

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And call it mine: for mine, though never known,
Or which, if mine, I living blush'd to own.
Know all the world, no greedy heir shall find,
Die when I will, one couplet left behind [9].
Let none of those, whom I despise though great,
Pretending friendship to give malice weight,
Publish my life; let no false sneaking peer [10],
(Some such there are) to win the public ear,
Hand me to shame with some vile anecdote,
Nor soul-gall'd bishop [11] damn me with a note.
Let one poor sprig of bay around my head
Bloom whilst I live, and point me out when dead;
Let it (may Heaven, indulgent, grant that pray'r!)
Be planted on my grave, nor wither there;
And when on travel bound, some rhyming guest
Roams through the church-yard, whilst his dinner's [dress'd,
Let it hold up this comment to his eyes,
'Life to the last enjoy'd, Here Churchill lies;'
Whilst (O, what joy that pleasing flattery gives!)
Reading my works, he cries—'Here Churchill lives.'
Enough of Satire—in less harden'd times
Great was her force, and mighty were her rhymes.
I've read of men, beyond man's daring brave,
Who yet have trembled at the strokes she gave;
Whose souls have felt more terrible alarms
From her one line, than from a world in arms!

[9] Churchill, before his death, destroyed all his manuscripts, excepting the Dedication to his Sermons, and the Journey.

[10] John Boyle, Earl of Corke and Orrery, the author of 'Observations on the Life of Swift,' is cited in this place by Mr. Tooke.

[11] Warburton seems to be the bishop here alluded to.

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When in her faithful and immortal page
They saw transmitted down from age to age
Recorded villains, and each spotted name
Branded with marks of everlasting shame,
Succeeding villains sought her as a friend,
And, if not really mended, feign'd to mend:
But in an age, when actions are allow'd
Which strike all honour dead, and crimes avow'd
Too terrible to suffer the report,
Avow'd and prais'd by men who stain a court,
Propp'd by the arm of Power; when Vice, high-born,
High-bred, high-station'd, holds rebuke in scorn;
When she is lost to every thought of fame,
And, to all virtue dead, is dead to shame:
When Prudence a much easier task must hold
To make a new world, than reform the old;
Satire throws by her arrows on the ground,
And if she cannot cure, she will not wound.

Come, Panegyric—though the Muse disdains,
Founded on truth, to prostitute her strains
At the base instance of those men, who hold
No argument but power, no god but gold;
Yet, mindful that from Heaven she drew her birth,
She scorns the narrow maxims of this earth;
Virtuous herself, brings Virtue forth to view,
And loves to praise, where praise is justly due.

Come, Panegyric—in a former hour,
My soul with pleasure yielding to thy pow'r,
Thy shrine I sought, I pray'd—but wanton air,
Before it reach'd thy ears, dispers'd my pray'r;
Ev'n at thy altars whilst I took my stand,
The pen of truth and honour in my hand,
Fate, meditating wrath 'gainst me and mine,
Chid my fond zeal, and thwarted my design,

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Whilst, Hayter[12] brought too quickly to his end,
I lost a subject, and mankind a friend.
Come, Panegyric—bending at thy throne,
Thee and thy power my soul is proud to own;
Be thou my kind protector, thou my guide,
And lead me safe through passes yet untried.
Broad is the road, nor difficult to find,
Which to the house of Satire leads mankind;
Narrow and unfrequented are the ways,
Scarce found out in an age, which lead to praise.
What though no theme I choose of vulgar note,
Nor wish to write as brother bards have wrote,
So mild, so meek in praising, that they seem
Afraid to wake their patrons from a dream?
What though a theme I choose, which might demand
The nicest touches of a master's hand?
Yet, if the inward workings of my soul
Deceive me not, I shall attain the goal,
And Envy shall behold, in triumph rais'd,
The poet praising, and the patron prais'd.
What patron shall I choose? shall public voice,
Or private knowledge, influence my choice?
Shall I prefer the grand retreat of Stowe[13],
Or, seeking patriots, to friend Wildman's[14] go?
'To Wildman's!' cried Discretion, (who had [heard,
Close standing at my elbow, every word)

[12] Dr. Hayter, Bishop of Norwich, was translated to the See of London in Sept. 1761, and died in the month of January following.

[13] Then the seat of Lord Temple, now of the Marquis of Buckingham. Pope gave celebrity to its beauties in his Moral Essays.

[14] The minority, with the late Duke of Devonshire at their head, established a society at a tavern in Albemarle Street, kept by one Wildman, a brother-in-law of Horne Tooke: but the association was of short continuance.

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'To Wildman's! art thou mad? canst thou be sure
One moment there to have thy head secure?
Are they not all (let observation tell)
All mark'd in characters as black as hell,
In Dooms-day book, by ministers set down,
Who style their pride the honour of the crown?
Make no reply—let reason stand aloof—
Presumptions here must pass as solemn proof.
That settled faith, that love which ever springs
In the best subjects, for the best of kings,
Must not be measur'd now, by what men think,
Or say, or do—by what they eat and drink;
Where and with whom, that question's to be tried,
And statesmen are the judges to decide;
No juries call'd, or, if call'd, kept in awe;
They, facts confess'd, in themselves vest the law.
Each dish at Wildman's of sedition smacks;
Blasphemy may be gospel at Almack's [15] [vain;
Peace, good Discretion; peace—thy fears are
Ne'er will I herd with Wildman's factious train;
Never the vengeance of the great incur,
Nor, without might, against the mighty stir.
If, from long proof, my temper you distrust,
Weigh my profession, to my gown be just;
Dost thou one parson know so void of grace
To pay his court to patrons out of place?
If still you doubt, (though scarce a doubt remains)
Search through my alter'd heart, and try my reins;
There, searching, find, nor deem me now in sport,
A convert made by Sandwich to the court [16].

[15] Almack kept the Thatched-house Tavern, and was of fashionable note for the splendour of the subscription assemblies held at his rooms in King Street, St. James's.

[16] John Montague, Earl of Sandwich, was in 1763 appointed one of the Secretaries of State. He was afterwards more talked of as First Lord of the Admiralty.

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Let madmen follow error to the end,
I, of mistakes convinc'd, and proud to mend,
Strive to act better, being better taught,
Nor blush to own that change which reason wrought:
For such a change as this, must Justice speak;
My heart was honest, but my head was weak.
Bigot to no one man, or set of men,
Without one selfish view, I drew my pen,
My country ask'd, or seem'd to ask, my aid,
Obedient to that call I left off trade;
A side I chose, and on that side was strong,
Till time hath fairly prov'd me in the wrong:
Convinc'd I change, (can any man do more?)
And have not greater patriots chang'd before?
Chang'd, I at once (can any man do less?)
Without a single blush, that change confess;
Confess it with a manly kind of pride,
And quit the losing for the winning side,
Granting, whilst virtuous Sandwich holds the rein,
What Bute for ages might have sought in vain.
Hail, Sandwich—nor shall Wilkes resentment
Hearing the praises of so brave a foe [17].— [show,
Hail, Sandwich—nor, through pride, shalt thou re-
The grateful tribute of so mean a Muse— [fuse
Sandwich, all hail—when Bute with foreign hand,
Grown wanton with ambition, scourg'd the land;
When Scots, or slaves to Scotsmen, steer'd the helm;
When peace, inglorious peace, disgrac'd the realm,
Distrust, and general discontent prevail'd;
But when, (he best knows why) his spirits fail'd;

[17] The Earl of Sandwich and the Earl of March, since Duke of Queensbury, supported the charges brought against Mr. Wilkes, as the author of several libels published *contra bonos mores*.

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When, with a sudden panic struck, he fled,
Sneak'd out of power, and hid his recreant head;
When, like a Mars, (fear order'd to retreat)
We saw thee nimbly vault into his seat,
Into the seat of power, at one bold leap,
A perfect connoisseur in statesmanship;
When, like another Machiavel, we saw
Thy fingers twisting, and untwisting law,
Straining, where godlike Reason bade, and where
She warranted thy mercy, pleas'd to spare;
Saw thee resolv'd, and fix'd (come what, come might)
To do thy God, thy king, thy country, right;
All things were chang'd, suspense remain'd no more,
Certainty reign'd where doubt had reign'd before:
All felt thy virtues, and all knew their use,
What virtues such as thine must needs produce.
Thy foes (for honour ever meets with foes)
Too mean to praise, too fearful to oppose,
In sullen silence sit; thy friends (some few,
Who, friends to thee, are friends to honour too)
Plaud thy brave bearing, and the Commonweal
Expects her safety from thy stubborn zeal.
A place amongst the rest the Muses claim,
And bring this free-will offering to thy fame;
To prove their virtue, make thy virtues known,
And, holding up thy fame, secure their own.
From his youth upwards to the present day,
When vices, more than years, have mark'd him gray;
When riotous excess, with wasteful hand,
Shakes life's frail glass, and hastes each ebbing sand,
Unmindful from what stock he drew his birth,
Untainted with one deed of real worth,
Lothario, holding honour at no price,
Folly to folly added, vice to vice;

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Wrought sin with greediness, and sought for shame
With greater zeal than good men seek for fame.
Where (reason left without the least defence)
Laughter was mirth, obscenity was sense:
Where Impudence made Decency submit;
Where noise was humour, and where whim was wit;
Where rude untemper'd licence had the merit
Of liberty, and lunacy was spirit;
Where the best things were ever held the worst,
Lothario was, with justice, always first.
To whip a top, to knuckle down at taw,
To swing upon a gate, to ride a straw,
To play at push-pin with dull brother peers,
To belch out catches in a porter's ears,
To reign the monarch of a midnight cell,
To be the gaping chairman's oracle;
Whilst, in most blessed union, rogue and whore
Clap hands, huzza, and hiccup out—encore;
Whilst grey Authority, who slumbers there
In robes of watchman's fur, gives up his chair;
With midnight howl to bay the' affrighted moon,
To walk with torches through the streets at noon;
To force plain Nature from her usual way,
Each night a vigil, and a blank each day;
To match for speed one feather 'gainst another,
To make one leg run races with his brother;
'Gainst all the rest to take the northern wind,
Bute to ride first, and he to ride behind;
To coin newfangled wagers, and to lay 'em,
Laying to lose, and losing not to pay 'em;
Lothario, on that stock which Nature gives,
Without a rival stands, though March [18] yet lives.

[18] Lord March, the present Piccadilly Duke.

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When Folly, (at that name, in duty bound,
Let subject myriads kneel, and kiss the ground,
Whilst they who in the presence upright stand
Are held as rebels through the loyal land)
Queen every where, but most a queen in courts,
Sent forth her heralds, and proclaim'd her sports;
Bade fool with fool on her behalf engage,
And prove her right to reign from age to age,
Lothario, great above the common size,
With all engag'd, and won from all the prize;
Her cap he wears, which from his youth he wore,
And every day deserves it more and more.

Nor in such limits rests his soul confin'd;
Folly may share, but can't engross his mind;
Vice, bold, substantial Vice, puts in her claim,
And stamps him perfect in the books of shame.
Observe his follies well, and you would swear
Folly had been his first, his only care;
Observe his vices, you'll that oath disown,
And swear that he was born for vice alone.

Is the soft nature of some hapless maid,
Fond, easy, full of faith, to be betray'd?
Must she, to virtue lost, be lost to fame,
And he who wrought her guilt declare her shame?
Is some brave friend, who, (men but little known)
Deems every heart as honest as his own,
And, free himself, in others fears no guile,
To be ensnar'd, and ruin'd with a smile?
Is law to be perverted from her course?
Is abject fraud to league with brutal force?
Is freedom to be crush'd, and every son
Who dares maintain her cause, to be undone?
Is base corruption, creeping through the land,
To plan, and work her ruin, underhand,

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With regular approaches, sure, though slow?
Or must she perish by a single blow?
Are kings, who trust to servants, and depend
In servants (fond, vain thought!) to find a friend,
To be abus'd, and made to draw their breath
In darkness thicker than the shades of death?
Is God's most holy name to be profan'd,
His word rejected, and his laws arraign'd,
His servants scorn'd, as men who idly dream'd,
His service laugh'd at, and his Son blasphem'd!
Are debauchees in morals to preside?
Is Faith to take an Atheist for her guide?
Is Science by a blockhead to be led?
Are states to totter on a drunkard's head?
To answer all these purposes, and more,
More black than ever villain plan'd before,
Search earth, search hell, the devil cannot find
An agent, like Lothario, to his mind.
  Is this nobility, which, sprung from kings,
Was meant to swell the power from whence it springs?
Is this the glorious produce, this the fruit,
Which Nature hop'd for from so rich a root?
Were there but two, (search all the world around)
Were there but two such nobles to be found,
The very name would sink into a term
Of scorn, and man would rather be a worm
Than be a lord: but Nature, full of grace,
Nor meaning birth and titles to be base,
Made only one, and, having made him, swore,
In mercy to mankind, to make no more:
Nor stop'd she there, but, like a generous friend,
The ills which error caus'd, she strove to mend,

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And having brought Lothario forth to view,
To save her credit, brought forth Sandwich too.
Gods! with what joy, what honest joy of heart,
Blunt as I am, and void of every art,
Of every art which great ones in the state
Practise on knaves they fear, and fools they hate,
To titles with reluctance taught to bend,
Nor prone to think that virtues can descend,
Do I behold (a sight, alas! more rare
Than honesty could wish) the noble wear
His father's honours, when his life makes known
They're his by virtue, not by birth alone;
When he reeals his father from the grave,
And pays with interest back that fame he gave:
Cur'd of her splenetic and sullen fits,
To such a peer my willing soul submits,
And to such virtue is more proud to yield
Than 'gainst ten titled rogues to keep the field.
Such, (for that truth ev'n envy shall allow)
Such Wyndham[19] was, and such is Sandwich now.
O gentle Montague, in blessed hour
Didst thou start up, and climb the stairs of pow'r;
England of all her fears at once was eas'd,
Nor, 'mongst her many foes, was one displeas'd:
France heard the news, and told it cousin Spain;
Spain heard, and told it cousin France again;
The Hollander relinquish'd his design
Of adding spice to spice, and mine to mine;
Of Indian villanies he thought no more,
Content to rob us on our native shore:

[19] Charles Wyndham, Earl of Egremont, joint Secretary of State with Lord Halifax, and son of the celebrated Sir William Wyndham. He died in Aug. 1763; and was succeeded in his office by the Earl of Sandwich.

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Aw'd by thy fame, (which winds with open mouth
Shall blow from east to west, from north to south)
The western world shall yield us her increase,
And her wild sons be soften'd into peace;
Rich eastern monarchs shall exhaust their stores,
And pour unbounded wealth on Albion's shores;
Unbounded wealth, which from those golden scenes,
And all acquir'd by honourable means,
Some honourable chief shall hither steer,
To pay our debts, and set the nation clear.
Nabobs themselves, allur'd by thy renown,
Shall pay due homage to the English crown;
Shall freely as their king our king receive—
Provided, the Directors give them leave.
Union at home shall mark each rising year,
Nor taxes be complain'd of, though severe;
Envy her own destroyer shall become,
And faction with her thousand mouths be dumb:
With the meek man thy meekness shall prevail,
Nor with the spirited thy spirit fail:
Some to thy force of reason shall submit,
And some be converts to thy princely wit:
Reverence for thee shall still a nation's cries,
A grand concurrence crown a grand excise:
And unbelievers of the first degree,
Who have no faith in God, have faith in thee.
When a strange jumble, whimsical and vain,
Possess'd the region of each heated brain;
When some were fools to censure, some to praise,
And all were mad, but mad in different ways;
When commonwealthsmen, starting at the shade
Which in their own wild fancy had been made,
Of tyrants dream'd who wore a thorny crown,
And with state bloodhounds hunted Freedom down;

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When others, struck with fancies not less vain,
Saw mighty kings by their own subjects slain,
And, in each friend of liberty and law,
With horror big, a future Cromwell saw,
Thy manly zeal stept forth, bade discord cease,
And sung each jarring atom into peace:
Liberty, cheer'd by thy all-cheering eye,
Shall, waking from her trance, live and not die;
And, patroniz'd by thee, Prerogative
Shall, striding forth at large, not die, but live;
Whilst Privilege, hung betwixt earth and sky,
Shall not well know whether to live or die.
When on a rock which overhung the flood,
And seem'd to totter, Commerce shivering stood;
When Credit, building on a sandy shore,
Saw the sea swell, and heard the tempest roar,
Heard death in every blast, and in each wave
Or saw, or fancied that she saw, her grave;
When property, transfer'd from hand to hand,
Weaken'd by change, crawl'd sickly through the land;
When mutual confidence was at an end,
And man no longer could on man depend;
Oppress'd with debts of more than common weight,
When all men fear'd a bankruptcy of state;
When, certain death to honour, and to trade,
A sponge was talk'd of as our only aid;
That to be sav'd we must be more undone,
And pay off all our debts, by paying none;
Like England's better genius, born to bless,
And snatch his sinking country from distress,
Didst thou step forth, and, without sail or oar,
Pilot the shatter'd vessel safe to shore:
Nor shalt thou quit, till, anchor'd firm and fast,
She rides secure, and mocks the threatening blast

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Born in thy house, and in thy service bred,
Nurs'd in thy arms, and at thy table fed,
By thy sage counsels to reflection brought,
Yet more by pattern than by precept taught,
Economy her needful aid shall join,
To forward and complete thy grand design,
And, warm to save, but yet with spirit warm,
Shall her own conduct from thy conduct form.
Let friends of prodigals say what they will,
Spendthrifts at home, abroad are spendthrifts still.
In vain have sly and subtle sophists tried
Private from public justice to divide;
For credit on each other they rely,
They live together, and together die,
'Gainst all experience 'tis a rank offence,
High treason in the eye of common-sense,
To think a statesman ever can be known
To pay our debts, who will not pay his own:
But now, though late, now may we hope to see
Our debts discharg'd, our credit fair and free,
Since rigid Honesty, (fair fall that hour!)
Sits at the helm, and Sandwich is in pow'r.
With what delight I view thee, wondrous man,
With what delight survey thy sterling plan,
That plan which all with wonder must behold,
And stamp thy age the only age of gold.

Nor rest thy triumphs here—that Discord fled,
And sought with grief, the hell where she was bred;
That Faction, 'gainst her nature forc'd to yield,
Saw her rude rabble scatter'd o'er the field,
Saw her best friends a standing jest become,
Her fools turn'd speakers, and her wits struck dumb;
That our most bitter foes (so much depends
On men of name) are turn'd to cordial friends;

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That our offended friends (such terror flows
From men of name) dare not appear our foes;
That Credit, gasping in the jaws of death,
And ready to expire with every breath,
Grows stronger from disease; that thou hast sav'd
Thy drooping country; that thy name, engrav'd
On plates of brass, defies the rage of time;
Than plates of brass more firm, that sacred rhyme
Embalms thy memory, bids thy glories live,
And gives thee what the Muse alone can give;
These heights of virtue, these rewards of fame,
With thee in common other patriots claim.

But, that poor sickly Science, who had laid
And droop'd for years beneath neglect's cold shade,
By those who knew her purposely forgot,
And made the jest of those who knew her not:
Whilst Ignorance, in power and pamper'd pride,
'Clad like a priest, pass'd by on t'other side;'
Recover'd from her wretched state, at length
Puts on new health, and clothes herself with strength,
To thee we owe; and to thy friendly hand
Which rais'd, and gave her to possess the land:
This praise, though in a court, and near a throne,
This praise is thine, and thine, alas! alone.

With what fond rapture did the goddess smile,
What blessings doth she promise to this isle,
What honour to herself, and length of reign,
Soon as she heard, that thou didst not disdain
To be her steward; but what grief, what shame,
What rage, what disappointment, shook her frame,
When her proud children dar'd her will dispute,
When youth was insolent, and age was mute!

That young men should be fools, and some wild
To wisdom deaf, be deaf to interest too, [few

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Mov'd not her wonder; but that men, grown grey
In search of wisdom; men who own'd the sway
Of reason; men who stubbornly kept down
Each rising passion; men who wore the gown;
That they should cross her will, that they should
Against the cause of Interest to declare; [dare
That they should be so abject and unwise,
Having no fear of loss before their eyes,
Nor hopes of gain; scorning the ready means
Of being vicars, rectors, canons, deans,
With all those honours which on mitres wait,
And mark the virtuous favourites of state;
That they should dare a Hardwicke to support,
And talk, within the hearing of a court,
Of that vile beggar Conscience, who, undone,
And starv'd herself, starves every wretched son;
This turn'd her blood to gall, this made her swear
No more to throw away her time and care
On wayward sons who scorn'd her love, no more
To hold her courts on Cam's ungrateful shore.
Rather than bear such insults, which disgrace
Her royalty of nature, birth, and place,
Though Dulness there unrivall'd state doth keep,
Would she at Winchester with Burton [20] sleep;
Or, to exchange the mortifying scene
For something still more dull, and still more mean,
Rather than bear such insults, she would fly
Far, far beyond the search of English eye,
And reign amongst the Scots; to be a queen
Is worth ambition, though in Aberdeen.
O, stay thy flight, fair Science; what though some,
Some base-born children, rebels are become?

[20] Dr. Burton was head-master of Winchester school.

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All are not rebels; some are duteous still,
Attend thy precepts, and obey thy will;
Thy interest is oppos'd by those alone
Who either know not, or oppose their own.
Of stubborn virtue, marching to thy aid,
Behold in black, the livery of their trade,
Marshall'd by Form, and by Discretion led,
A grave grave troop, and Smith is at their head,
Black Smith [21] of Trinity; on Christian ground
For faith in mysteries none more renown'd.
Next, (for the best of causes now and then
Must beg assistance from the worst of men)
Next (if old Story lies not) sprung from Greece,
Comes Pandarus, but comes without his niece:
Her, wretched maid! committed to his trust,
To a rank letcher's coarse and bloated lust
The arch, old, hoary hypocrite had sold,
And thought himself and her well damn'd for gold.
But (to wipe off such traces from the mind,
And make us in good humour with mankind)
Leading on men, who, in a college bred,
No woman knew, but those which made their bed;
Who planted virgins on Cam's virtuous shore,
Continued still male-virgins at threescore,
Comes Sumner [22], wise, and chaste as chaste can be,
With Long [23], as wise, and not less chaste than he.
Are there not friends, too, enter'd in thy cause,
Who, for thy sake, defying penal laws,

[21] Dr. Smith, Master of Trinity College, Cambridge. He died in 1768, in the 79th year of his age.

[22] The Rev. Dr. Sumner, Vice-chancellor of the university of Cambridge.

[23] Roger Long, D. D. Master of Pembroke Hall, Cambridge, and Professor of Astronomy in that university. He died in 1770, at the advanced age of 91.

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Were, to support thy honourable plan,
Smuggled from Jersey and the Isle of Man?
Are there not Philomaths of high degree
Who, always dumb before, shall speak for thee?
Are there not Proctors, faithful to thy will,
One of full growth, others in embryo still,
Who may, perhaps, in some ten years or more,
Be ascertain'd that two and two make four,
Or may a still more happy method find,
And, taking one from two, leave none behind?
With such a mighty power on foot, to yield
Were death to manhood; better in the field
To leave our carcasses, and die with fame,
Than fly, and purchase life on terms of shame.
Sackvilles alone anticipate defeat,
And ere they dare the battle, sound retreat.
But if persuasions ineffectual prove,
If arguments are vain, nor prayers can move,
Yet in thy bitterness of frantic woe
Why talk of Burton? why to Scotland go?
Is there not Oxford, she, with open arms,
Shall meet thy wish, and yield up all her charms:
Shall for thy love her former loves resign,
And jilt the banish'd Stuarts to be thine.
Bow'd to the yoke, and, soon as she could read,
Tutor'd to get, by heart, the despot's creed,
She, of subjection proud, shall knee thy throne,
And have no principles but thine alone;
She shall thy will implicitly receive,
Nor act, nor speak, nor think, without thy leave.
Where is the glory of imperial sway
If subjects none but just commands obey?
Then, and then only, is obedience seen,
When by command they dare do all that's mean;

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Hither then wing thy flight, here fix thy stand,
Nor fail to bring thy Sandwich in thy hand.
Gods, with what joy, (for fancy now supplies,
And lays the future open to my eyes)
Gods, with what joy I see the worthies meet,
And brother Litchfield [24] brother Sandwich greet!
Bless'd be your greetings, bless'd each dear embrace,
Bless'd to yourselves, and to the human race.
Sickening at virtues, which she cannot reach,
Which seem her baser nature to impeach,
Let Envy, in a whirlwind's bosom hurl'd,
Outrageous, search the corners of the world,
Ransack the present times, look back to past,
Rip up the future, and confess at last,
No times, past, present, or to come, could e'er
Produce, and bless the world with such a pair.
Phillips [25], the good old Phillips, out of breath
Escap'd from Monmouth, and escap'd from death,
Shall hail his Sandwich, with that virtuous zeal,
That glorious ardour for the commonweal,
Which warm'd his loyal heart and bless'd his tongue,
When on his lips the cause of rebels hung.
Whilst Womanhood, in habit of a nun,
At Medenham [26] lies, by backward monks undone;
A nation's reckoning, like an alehouse score,
Whilst Paul, the aged, chalks behind a door,

[24] The last Earl of Litchfield succeeded the Earl of Westmorland, as Chancellor of the university of Oxford, in 1762.

[25] Sir John Phillips, a barrister and active member of the House of Commons.

[26] Medenham, or, as it was commonly called, Mednam Abbey, was a large house on the banks of the Thames, near Marlow in Bucks. It was formerly a convent of Cistertian monks. Sir Francis Dashwood, Sir Thomas Stapleton, Paul Whitehead, Mr. Wilkes, and other choice spirits, to the number of twelve, rented the abbey, and often retired there

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Compell'd to hire a foe to cast it up,
Dashwood shall pour, from a communion-cup,
Libations to the goddess without eyes,
And hob or nob in cider and excise.
From those deep shades, where Vanity, unknown,
Doth penance for her pride, and pines alone;
Curs'd in herself, by her own thoughts undone,
Where she sees all, but can be seen by none;
Where she, no longer mistress of the schools,
Hears praise loud pealing from the mouths of fools,
Or hears it at a distance, in despair
To join the crowd, and put in for a share,
Twisting each thought a thousand different ways,
For his new friends new-modelling old praise;
Where frugal sense so very fine is spun,
It serves twelve hours, though not enough for one,
King [27] shall arise, and, bursting from the dead,
Shall hurl his piebald Latin at thy head.
Burton [28] (whilst awkward affectation hung
In quaint and labour'd accents on his tongue,
Who 'gainst their will makes junior blockheads speak,
Ignorant of both, new Latin and new Greek,
Not such as was in Greece and Latium known,
But of a modern cut, and all his own;

to hold their licentious revellings. Among other amusements they had sometimes a mock celebration of the midnight orgies of Pagan worship, and occasionally of the rites of the religious orders among the Roman Catholics; of the Franciscans in particular, for the gentlemen had taken that title from their founder, Sir Francis. Paul, the aged, was secretary and steward to the order.

[27] Dr. William King, Principal of St. Mary's Hall, who died at an advanced age in 1764. The composition of his Radcliffe harangue opened an ample field of controversy to the critics.

[28] See p. 154, note.

Who threads, like beads, loose thoughts on such a
string,
They're praise and censure; nothing, every thing;
Pantomime thoughts, and style so full of trick,
They even make a Merry Andrew sick;
Thoughts all so dull, so pliant in their growth,
They're verse, they're prose, they're neither, and
they're both)
Shall (though by nature ever loth to praise)
Thy curious worth set forth in curious phrase;
Obscurely stiff, shall press poor Sense to death,
Or in long periods run her out of breath;
Shall make a babe, for which, with all his fame,
Adam could not have found a proper name,
Whilst, beating out his features to a smile,
He hugs the bastard brat, and calls it Style.
Hush'd be all nature as the land of death;
Let each stream sleep, and each wind hold his breath;
Be the bells muffled, nor one sound of care,
Pressing for audience, wake the slumbering air;
Browne[29] comes—behold how cautiously he creeps—
How slow he walks, and yet how fast he sleeps—
But to thy praise in sleep he shall agree;
He cannot wake, but he shall dream of thee.
Physic, her head with opiate poppies crown'd,
Her loins by the chaste matron Camphire bound;
Physic, obtaining succour from the pen
Of her soft son, her gentle Heberden[30],
If there are men who can thy virtue know,
Yet spite of virtue treat thee as a foe,

[29] Dr. Browne, was Lord Litchfield's Vice-chancellor of the university of Oxford.

[30] William Heberden, M. D. the most skilful and amiable of physicians; he died in 1801, in the 91st year of his age.

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Shall, like a scholar, stop their rebel breath,
And in each recipe send classic death.
So deep in knowledge, that few lines can sound
And plumb the bottom of the vast profound,
Few grave ones with such gravity can think,
Or follow half so fast as he can sink;
With nice distinctions glossing o'er the text,
Obscure with meaning, and in words perplex'd,
With subtleties on subtleties refin'd,
Meant to divide and subdivide the mind,
Keeping the forwardness of youth in awe,
The scowling Blackstone [31] bears the train of law.
Divinity, enrob'd in college fur,
In her right hand a new Court Kalendar,
Bound like a book of prayer, thy coming waits
With all her pack, to hymn thee in the gates.
Loyalty, fix'd on Isis' alter'd shore,
A stranger long, but stranger now no more,
Shall pitch her tabernacle, and with eyes
Brim-full of rapture, view her new allies;
Shall, with much pleasure and more wonder, view
Men great at court, and great at Oxford too.
O sacred Loyalty! accurs'd be those
Who, seeming friends, turn out thy deadliest foes;
Who prostitute to kings thy honour'd name,
And soothe their passions to betray their fame;
Nor prais'd be those, to whose proud nature clings
Contempt of government, and hate of kings;
Who, willing to be free, not knowing how,
A strange intemperance of zeal avow,
And start at Loyalty, as at a word
Which without danger freedom never heard.

[31] Sir William Blackstone, Vinerian Professor of Civil Law, and Principal of New-Inn Hall.

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Vain errors of vain men—wild both extremes,
And to the state not wholesome, like the dreams
(Children of night, of indigestion bred)
Which, reason clouded, seize and turn the head;
Loyalty without Freedom, is a chain
Which men of liberal notice can't sustain,
And Freedom without Loyalty, a name
Which nothing means, or means licentious shame.
Thine be the art, my Sandwich, thine the toil,
In Oxford's stubborn and untoward soil
To rear this plant of union, till at length,
Rooted by time, and foster'd into strength,
Shooting aloft, all dangers it defies,
And proudly lifts its branches to the skies;
Whilst, Wisdom's happy son, but not her slave,
Gay with the gay, and with the grave ones grave,
Free from the dull impertinence of thought,
Beneath that shade which thy own labour wrought,
And fashion'd into strength, shalt thou repose,
Secure of liberal praise, since Isis flows
True to her Thame, as duty hath decreed,
Nor longer, like a harlot, lusts for Tweed;
And those old wreaths, which Oxford once dar'd twine
To grace a Stuart brow, she plants on thine.

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THE

JOURNEY.

Some of my friends, (for friends I must suppose
All, who, not daring to appear my foes,
Feign great good-will, and, not more full of spite
Than full of craft, under false colours fight)
Some of my friends, (so lavishly I print)
As 'more in sorrow than in anger,' hint
(Though that indeed will scarce admit a doubt)
That I shall run my stock of genius out,
My no great stock; and, publishing so fast,
Must needs become a bankrupt at the last.
'The husbandman, to spare a thankful soil,
Which, rich in disposition, pays his toil
More than a hundredfold, which swells his store
Ev'n to his wish, and makes his barns run o'er,
By long experience taught, who teaches best,
Foregoes his hopes awhile, and gives it rest:
The land, allow'd its losses to repair,
Refresh'd, and full in strength, delights to wear
A second youth, and to the farmer's eyes
Bids richer crops, and double harvests rise.
'Nor think this practice to the earth confin'd,
It reaches to the culture of the mind.
The mind of man craves rest, and cannot bear,
Though next in power to God's, continual care.

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Genius himself (nor here let genius frown)
Must, to ensure his vigour, be laid down,
And fallow'd well: had Churchill known but this,
Which the most slight observer scarce could miss,
He might have flourish'd twenty years, or more,
Though now, alas! poor man! worn out in four.'
Recover'd from the vanity of youth,
I feel, alas! this melancholy truth:
Thanks to each cordial, each advising friend,
And am, if not too late, resolv'd to mend,
Resolv'd to give some respite to my pen,
Apply myself once more to books and men,
View what is present, what is past review,
And, my old stock exhausted, lay in new.
For twice six moons, (let winds, turn'd porters, bear
This oath to Heaven) for twice six moons, I swear
No Muse shall tempt me with her siren lay,
Nor draw me from improvement's thorny way.
Verse I abjure, nor will forgive that friend
Who, in my hearing, shall a rhyme commend.
It cannot be——whether I will, or no,
Such as they are, my thoughts in measure flow.
Convinc'd, determin'd, I in prose begin,
But ere I write one sentence, verse creeps in,
And taints me through and through; by this good light,
In verse I talk by day, I dream by night!
If now and then I curse, my curses chime,
Nor can I pray, unless I pray in rhyme.
Ev'n now I err, in spite of common sense,
And my confession doubles my offence.
Rest then, my friends;—spare, spare your precious breath,
And be your slumbers not less sound than death:

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Perturbed spirits rest, nor thus appear
To waste your counsels in a spendthrift's ear;
On your grave lessons I cannot subsist,
Nor ev'n in verse become economist.
Rest then, my friends, nor hateful to my eyes,
Let Envy, in the shape of Pity, rise
To blast me ere my time; with patience wait,
('Tis no long interval) propitious Fate
Shall glut your pride, and every son of phlegm
Find ample room to censure and condemn.
Read some three hundred lines, (no easy task,
But probably the last that I shall ask [1])
And give me up for ever; wait one hour,
Nay not so much revenge is in your pow'r,
And ye may cry, ere Time hath turn'd his glass,
'Lo! what we prophesied is come to pass.'
Let those, who poetry in poems claim,
Or not read this, or only read to blame;
Let those who are by fiction's charms enslav'd,
Return me thanks for half-a-crown well sav'd;
Let those who love a little gall in rhyme
Postpone their purchase now, and call next time;
Let those who void of nature, look for art,
Take up their money, and in peace depart;
Let those who, energy of diction prize,
For Billinsgate quit Flexney [2], and be wise:
Here is no lie, no gall, no art, no force,
Mean are the words, and such as come of course;
The subject no less simple than the lay;
A plain, unlabour'd Journey of a day.

[1] The author had paid the debt of nature before this poem was printed.

[2] The original publisher of Churchill's poems.

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Far from me now be every tuneful maid,
I neither ask, nor can receive their aid.
Pegasus turn'd into a common hack,
Along I jog, and keep the beaten track,
Nor would I have the Sisters of the hill
Behold their bard in such a dishabille.
Absent, but only absent for a time,
Let them caress some dearer son of rhyme;
Let them, as far as decency permits,
Without suspicion, play the fool with wits,
'Gainst fools be guarded; 'tis a certain rule
Wits are safe things; there's danger in a fool.
Let them, though modest, Gray more modest woo;
Let them with Mason bleat, and bray, and coo;
Let them with Francklin, proud of some small Greek,
Make Sophocles, disguis'd, in English speak [3];
Let them with Glover [4] o'er Medea doze;
Let them with Dodsley wail Cleone's [5] woes,
Whilst he, fine feeling creature! all in tears,
Melts as they melt, and weeps with weeping peers;
Let them with simple Whitehead [6], taught to creep
Silent and soft, lay Fontenelle asleep;
Let them with Brown [7] contrive, no vulgar trick,
To cure the dead, and make the living sick;
Let them, in charity to Murphy, give
Some old French piece, that he may steal and live;

[3] The merit of Dr. Francklin's translation of Sophocles has enabled it to survive the austerity of this censure.

[4] Mr. Glover, in his tragedy of Medea, attempted to refine upon Euripides and Seneca.

[5] Cleone, a tragedy by Robert Dodsley, was first acted at Covent Garden in 1758.

[6] Whitehead dedicated his 'School for Lovers' to the memory of Fontenelle.

[7] The cure of Saul, an excellent ode by Dr. Brown, was set to music and performed as an oratorio, in 1763.

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Let them with antic Foote subscriptions get,
And advertise a summer-house of wit [8].
Thus, or in any better way they please,
With these great men, or with great men like these,
Let them their appetite for laughter feed;
I on my Journey all alone proceed.
If fashionable grown, and fond of power,
With humorous Scots let them disport their hour;
Let them dance, fairy-like, round Ossian's tomb;
Let them forge lies and histories for Hume;
Let them with Home, the very prince of verse,
Make something like a tragedy in Erse [9];
Under dark allegory's flimsy veil
Let them with Ogilvie [10] spin out a tale
Of rueful length; let them plain things obscure,
Debase what's truly rich, and what is poor
Make poorer still, by jargon most uncouth;
With every pert prim prettiness of youth,
Born of false taste, with Fancy (like a child
Not knowing what it cries for) running wild,
With bloated style, by affectation taught,
With much false colouring and little thought,
With phrases strange, and dialect decreed
By reason never to have pass'd the Tweed.
With words which nature meant each other's foe,
Forc'd to compound whether they will or no;
With such materials, let them, if they will,
To prove at once their pleasantry and skill,

[8] Foote from the summer of 1762, until the year before his death, in 1777, regularly performed at the Hay-market, and acquired a considerable income.

[9] The Siege of Aquileia is here supposed to be designated.

[10] Dr. Ogilvie was the author of Providence, an allegorical poem, published in 1764, and deservedly approved. It was reprinted in his collected volumes of poety, 1769.

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Build up a bard to war 'gainst common sense,
By way of compliment to Providence;
Let them with Armstrong [11], taking leave of sense,
Read musty lectures on Benevolence;
Or con the pages of his gaping Day,
Where all his former fame was thrown away,
Where all but barren labour was forgot,
And the vain stiffness of a letter'd Scot;
Let them with Armstrong pass the term of light,
But not one hour of darkness: when the night
Suspends this mortal coil, when memory wakes,
When for our past misdoings, conscience takes
A deep revenge, when, by reflection led,
She draws his curtains, and looks comfort dead,
Let every Muse be gone; in vain he turns,
And tries to pray for sleep; an Ætna burns,
A more than Ætna, in his coward breast,
And guilt, with vengeance arm'd, forbids him rest:
Though soft as plumage from young Zephyr's wing,
His couch seems hard, and no relief can bring;
Ingratitude hath planted daggers there
No good man can deserve, no brave man bear.
Thus, or in any better way they please,
With these great men, or with great men like these,
Let them their appetite for laughter feed;
I on my Journey all alone proceed.

[11] Dr. Armstrong, the author of that beautiful poem the Art of Preserving Health, wrote 'Benevolence,' a poetical epistle to Eumenes; and 'Day,' another epistle, to Wilkes, in which he rashly offended Churchill.

END OF VOL. I.

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599364

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